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Louis MacNeice on Dylan Thomas

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The Birth of the Windfall State

"THE Monte Carlo budget." In a phrase more telling than any that Mr. Macmillan produced in two hours and a half, Mr. Joseph Grimond neatly summarised the Chancellor's policy—or at least summarised the budget which Mr. Macmillan has offered instead of a policy. For there is little new in his proposals, and even less of anything important. He has made one small concession to a section of the middle class by permitting the self-employed to secure tax relief on annuity premiums; he has put an additional impost on the ordinary family by cutting the bread subsidy and raising the tobacco tax; giving a little here, taking a little there, he has done nothing but manoeuvre within the framework laid down last year by Mr. Butler. Even the new savings drive is unlikely to produce the results he anticipates, for he has produced no new measures against the inflation, which is what really prevents or discourages saving. Both politician and economist may feel the only excuse for this budget is that April has come round again.

It is not surprising, therefore, that press and public alike have seized on the Premium Bonds as the only worthwhile talking-point about this budget. They may not enlist much new saving, but they are news. The introduction of state-operated gambling is an innovation worthy of headlines at any time. And inevitably the churches and chapels are mobilising for another battle in their long war against gambling of any kind. They are not likely to be deterred by the Chancellor's specious claim that this is not gambling because the investor cannot lose his stake. In fact, if nobody lost, there would be nothing to finance the prizes. What the investor is doing is to gamble his normal interest of four per cent. against his chance of creaming off the interest due to other investors. Mr. Macmillan may try to disarm opposition with a jest, but he cannot conceal the fact that the state is now officially trying to stimulate saving by offering rewards based on chance. This raises a wider issue than the moral scruples of the church-goer.

True, the novelty of this measure may make it popular in the pubs; and in the clubs Mr. Macmillan is already being congratulated on his "bold and imaginative" step. It is easy to see why the Tories like it. Mr. Macmillan has elevated the private flutter into a principle of public policy. And, a Conservative naturally asks, why not? The government's propaganda about the "opportunity state" has never been more than paper clothing for its real economic philosophy. For the past few years, we have actually been living in the "windfall state" in which the rewards have borne less and less relation to effort, and more and more to the chances of the free market. The ordinary citizen, who has nothing to sell but his hard work in some routine job, has lost out to the gambler—whether he sells potatoes or stocks and shares. Some workers, perhaps, have been able to earn relatively high incomes, thanks to full employment and overtime. But inflation has made many of their gains illusory. Now, more than ever, wealth in Britain is acquired not by merit, but by accident, and every year of Conservative government has made the distribution of wealth more unequal.

The most flagrant expression of this process has been the increase in capital gains—perhaps as much as £2,000 millions in the last two years. Here Mr. Macmillan had an opportunity. He could have taxed capital gains, and used the proceeds to modify some of the more obvious inequalities and injustices of the acquisitive society. If he had done this, he would have out-bid Mr. Butler in the art of making Tory capitalism respectable, and thereby replaced him as the intellectual leader of the new Conservatism. Instead, he has chosen to help chance operate over a wider field. The worker, too, is to have his chance of a tax-free windfall, not from the Stock Exchange, but from government bonds. The Conservative symbol is no longer the ladder of success. It is the lottery drum.

Comments on the Week's News

Towards a Middle East Settlement?

The Soviet statement on the Middle East, together with Mr. Dulles's subsequent comments at his press conference, constitute a radical change in the diplomatic approach to the Arab-Israeli dispute. Even before the statement was received, the decision of London and Washington to reject the French request for an immediate meeting of the tripartite powers (originally scheduled to coincide with the normal session of the Atlantic Council), was tantamount to a rejection of the tripartite approach. It is now clear that (1) Washington is prepared to accept Russia formally as a Middle Eastern power ("efforts to solve the Middle East situation," said Mr. Dulles, "would naturally involve Soviet participation"); and (2) that Russia is prepared to co-operate in an arms embargo, and even in joint sanctions against Arab or Israeli aggression, in return for a modification of the western defence structure in the area. These new moves should be welcomed in London (the 1950 Tripartite Declaration was never more than a *pis aller* in default of effective action through the Security Council), and the Anglo-Soviet talks will doubtless be used to clarify Soviet intentions (in particular, the minimum western concessions she will accept), preparatory to a meeting of the Security Council. Nevertheless, even if an important—perhaps decisive—step has been taken towards a general Middle East settlement, the Security Council, like the tripartite powers, will still be faced with the purely military problem of how to take immediate and effective action should an outbreak occur. Britain's primary duty, therefore, remains to secure a rapid cessation of the supply of modern weapons to Egypt or, failing this, to redress the balance, by selling defensive weapons to Israel, until a general settlement can be reached.

The Cominform Dissolved

The decision to wind up the Cominform is not surprising. It means the formal liquidation of yet another part of Stalin's cold war apparatus, and another step towards more flexibility in Communist tactics. An announcement of this kind was expected after Thorez visited Rome for Easter, there to discuss with Togliatti a "western way" to Socialism. Long before the Moscow Congress the Italian Communist Party had been playing a leading role in the western section of the Cominform. About two years ago there was a meeting in Switzerland between Duclos, Frachon and Togliatti and Longo. This meeting started a continuous liaison between the French and Italian Communist parties. Togliatti's suggestion to the French Communists, even then, had been to seek as many alliances as possible with the Socialists. The Moscow Congress has naturally created as heated a discussion in the ranks of the P.C.I. as in any other western Communist party. But, as any Italian Communist federation secretary will tell you, the "Italian way to Socialism" is nothing new to Italian Communists. They have talked about it for a long time, and there has long been a strong opinion in the P.C.I. in favour of the dissolving of the Cominform. Togliatti's mistake, in the eyes of his party, has perhaps been that he has not in the past sufficiently emphasised the "Italian way," and did not sufficiently prepare the party for the break with Stalinism. Nevertheless, if Tito was one of the chief victors of the Moscow Congress, Togliatti was also a victor. Inside the P.C.I. there are leaders who (like Mao Tse-tung) have always expressed doubts about the wisdom of Stalin's ex-communication of Tito from the Cominform (e.g. Pastore, Senator Roveda).

Senator Roveda recently went to Belgrade, to confer with the Yugoslav Union of Communists on behalf of the P.C.I. This visit to Belgrade, like Thorez's visit to Rome, was a prelude to the dissolution of the Cominform, and to the weaving of fresh relations between Communist parties. Tito's role in this would obviously be important, and Roveda's visit to Belgrade has also to be seen in this light. The Cominform had gradually ceased to play a serious role as an organ of international liaison between Communist parties. There are now three "guide-parties", the Italian Communist Party for the parties of the western capitalist countries; the Russian Communist Party for the parties of the Socialist countries; and the Chinese Communist Party for the liberation struggle of the colonial and semi-colonial countries.

The Touchstone of Merdeka

Mr. David Marshall and his delegation from Singapore begin their talks at the Colonial Office on Monday. The agenda is simple enough. Independence has been conceded in principle; and the forthcoming talks are designed to fill in the details. The prospects of an easy success, however, are not too good. Mr. Marshall is agreed that Britain shall continue to exercise "paramount" responsibility for *external* security; but he is determined that independence shall include control of the police force and of day-to-day *internal* security. The Governor is strongly opposed to this, and Mr. Lennox-Boyd is at present being officially advised not to concede it. Unless he does so, the talks may very well break down at once. Even if the Chief Minister were personally willing to compromise—and there is no reason to suppose he is—he could not easily do so with Lee Kuan Yew and the People's Action Party standing by to elbow him out of the way the moment he seems to falter. Should the Colonial Office break up the talks on this issue, Mr. Lennox-Boyd will have only himself to blame if, the next time he starts to negotiate on the constitutional status of Singapore, he finds Lee Kuan Yew and not David Marshall sitting opposite him. The fears of the Governor are not, of course, entirely without foundation: there has been a deterioration of law and order in recent months. But the risk of this is an inevitable concomitant of handing over power. Control of internal security is the touchstone of independence, whether in Singapore or Cyprus; and if Mr. Lennox-Boyd insists on straining at Mr. Marshall's gnat, he may find himself struggling to swallow another Cypriot camel.

NEXT WEEK

OFFICIAL SECRETS
C. H. Rolph

ROUGH ISLAND STORY
John Raymond writes on Churchill's "History of the English-Speaking Peoples"

NOBLESSE DÉSOBLIGE
Maurice Richardson reviews Nancy Mitford's U-Anthology

"In Defence of Randolph Churchill" by Malcolm Muggeridge, advertised for this issue, has been held over for a week to make room for "The Best Man Always Wins"—in which the N.S. & N. expresses its loyal duty to That Wedding

The Biggest Bang Yet

Within the next few weeks, an American nuclear weapon will be exploded over U.N. trusteeship territory in the Pacific. By nine votes to four, the Trusteeship Council have over-ruled the protests of the Marshall Islanders, ignored the unanimous vote of the Japanese Diet and rejected the intervention of the Indians. They have sanctioned the demand of the U.S., which holds the mandate, to carry out tests at Bikini and Eniwetok. Those tests will involve explosions equivalent to 50 million or 60 million tons of T.N.T. The bomb (or bombs) cannot strictly be called H-bombs since they are more likely to be fission-fusion-fission bombs—a simple A-bomb (such as destroyed Hiroshima) working as the *fission* detonator of a *fusion* hydrogen bomb which, in turn, produces *fission* in an outer shell of uranium. It may even go a stage further. But, if it is a 60 megaton bomb, it is likely to produce 40 million tons of radioactive fission products. The previous cigar-shaped plume of fission fall-out covered 7,000 square miles; so presumably the bigger and better bomb will stretch its radioactive hazard even further, and some of it may be detectable even in the rain-butts of Britain. The U.S. has now prescribed an area of 375,000 square miles of the Pacific as its test zone, within which any ship will venture at its own risk. This, as Lord Jowitt has pointed out, is against all international practice and a violation of the freedom of the seas. But British official spokesmen, no doubt thinking ahead to our own H-bomb test next year, have defended this flouting of a freedom which we have insisted on maintaining since the days of the first Queen Elizabeth.

Franco in Trouble

The industrial unrest in northern Spain seems, for the moment, to have subsided. Nevertheless, it is more than just a straw in the wind. Work stoppages were far more widespread than in 1951, embracing Pamplona, San Sebastian, Bilbao and Barcelona; and the workers' demands for a 40 per cent. wage-increase—20 per cent. more than the Government award of April 1—seem to have been co-ordinated. The strikes, moreover, are only a part of a new pattern of criticism against the regime which is spreading through all sections of society. Despite the dismissal of the Rector of Madrid University, the Minister of Education and the Secretary of the Falange youth movement, discontent among the middle-class student population continues; and great excitement surrounds the forthcoming trial of Lorca's nephew and three other students, who are to be defended by Gil Robles, the founder of the old Catholic centre party. Most significant of all, perhaps, are reports that senior army officers are openly describing the Spanish-Moroccan treaty as a "surrender." Last week's tribal risings in Rio del Oro, and serious rioting in the Moroccan enclave of Ifni, which Spain has claimed as sovereign territory since 1860, confirm their view that, by granting Moroccan sovereignty in the Spanish Zone, Franco risks losing all Spain's African territories, and—perhaps even more important—the right to recruit native troops. Over and above these purely sectional grievances is the growing awareness—which freer travel abroad has confirmed—of Spain's economic, technical and cultural stagnation. In short, for the first time since 1946 (when Allied ostracism induced the Spaniards to close their ranks) the government is being judged in a predominantly critical spirit.

Hoping for the Best in Vietnam

There is now no longer any possibility of holding Vietnamese elections in July, the date laid down by the Geneva Agreement. President Diem's last statement, three weeks ago, was moderate in tone, but maintained his view that, as Vietnam was not a signatory to the Agreement, she is not bound by its provisions. Not surprisingly, then, the talks in London between Mr. Gromyko and Lord Reading have so far achieved nothing. Mr. Gromyko's solution—to call an immediate conference of the signatory powers—has been ruled out by Britain on the grounds that it is outside the terms of reference of the present talks. A further suggestion is that the elections should be postponed until July, 1957; and this, it is believed, has British support. Vietnam will doubtless be on the agenda for the forthcoming Anglo-Russian talks; but, unless the Russians prove unexpectedly complaisant, Britain risks being accused of condoning a breach of the Agreement. Her position is, admittedly, a difficult one: neither she nor France (whose last troops leave Saigon at the end of this month) can coerce President Diem, though she is naturally unwilling to associate herself with his intransigeance. But at the same time, as joint presiding power at the conference, she cannot abdicate responsibility. The Foreign Office is currently pinning its hopes on an acceptance by Hanoi of a postponement; and this belief is encouraged by the decision of Pathet Lao, made public last week by Hanoi radio, to resume negotiations with the government of Laos. But a generous gesture from Ho Chi-Minh, even if it materialises, cannot fully compensate for the absence of a firm British line.

The Potato Racket

The price of old potatoes—6d. a pound this week—is the highest in living memory, and it may rise still further. The government blames the shortage on the weather and denies that it has been caused by a reduction in acreage. But as early as last August *Farming News* was issuing warnings about a coming scarcity; and now even *The Times* admits that "the acreage left no margin for safety." Since 1954, when the system of guaranteed prices for potatoes was ended, total acreage has fallen by 12 per cent. The government has been encouraging the farmer to turn his arable land to grass, and in this year alone 500,000 arable acres have been lost in this way. Financially this suits the government, because it reduces the Treasury's liability for deficiency payments. The support price for potatoes is 10 guineas a ton; farmers who have held on are today getting three or four times this sum on the free market. Thus the consumer, rather than the taxpayer, is carrying the burden. This is one of the results of the government's refusal to plan in agriculture. The farmer is allowed to decide what shall be produced; yet he enjoys a floor price in a glut and can reap extravagant profits in the present period of scarcity. Now the government has refused to suspend the protective tariff of 1d. a pound on imported potatoes, which is due to come into operation next month. If the N.F.U. and the Potato Marketing Board had had their way, the import of main-crop potatoes would not have been authorised last November and today's situation would have been even worse. Producer-controlled marketing boards have a natural hatred of imports; and the present difficulty illustrates the need to give the consumer a bigger say.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Cambodia

Sihanouk and Dulles

Our Correspondent in South-East Asia writes from Phnom Penh: Prince Sihanouk's resignation from the premiership of Cambodia suggests that Mr. Nehru has more influence than Mr. Dulles. All along Mr. Nehru has urged Cambodia to remain neutral, and it was on Mr. Nehru's advice that Prince Sihanouk went to China—and kept away from Seato. Mr. Dulles, on the other hand, has persistently pressed Sihanouk to increase his defences and to move closer towards the United States. Immediately after the elections, when the Prince's party—the People's Socialist Community—won all the seats, an American diplomat said to me: "Cambodia is an important bulwark for democracy. We are going to help Sihanouk."

When Sihanouk came back from China, however, he told a group of us that the Americans were displeased with him, and added that he was not sure how much longer the Americans would continue to give aid. Then came his unhappy visit to the Philippines, where he was subjected to pressure which caused the Prince to return to Phnom Penh in a rage he did not trouble to conceal. American criticism continued, and this was followed by a blockade by South Vietnam.

Sihanouk spoke more plainly. He announced his resignation, saying he could no longer co-operate with the Americans, accused the U.S. of wanting him to give up his neutralist policy, and said that Cambodia preferred to remain neutral and keep India's friendship. To save money, Cambodia's armed forces would be reduced. Handing over the premiership to Khim Tith, a member of his own party, Sihanouk, still the most powerful man in Cambodia, announced the party would continue to follow a neutral foreign policy. He quickly formed the Cambodian Committee for Neutrality—an all-party affair—and then stumped off round the country to explain the position to the villagers. At meetings and over the radio, he emphasised that as an independent nation Cambodia must try to achieve a balance in its relations with the U.S. by developing economic ties with China and the Soviet Union. Cambodia would need foreign help for the next four or five years, and he suggested that it could be given by Japan, China, India, the U.S. and France.

Sihanouk has given notice that Cambodia will seek the help of France and the United States in her efforts to settle Cambodia's disputes with South Vietnam. However, if there is no settlement by the end of April, when the National Congress will be held, the Congress might decide to turn to the Soviet Union or China for help. So far as the border troubles with Thailand are concerned, Sihanouk said he might have to take the matter to the United Nations. At the same time Sihanouk, with a noticeable Chinese minority in Cambodia, said he had no fear about China employing subversive measures in the country; but if they did, he warned that Cambodia would jump straight into the arms of Seato. Obviously, Peking has no such intentions; it may believe that the blunders of the U.S. are sufficient to drive the Cambodians into closer relations with the Chinese.

Westminster

So Many Words, So Little Said

For a politician, the defects of Mr. Harold Macmillan's appearance and manner are obvious. He is too dandified. That little trick of his, when the right word will not come, of daintily patting the despatch box with the flat of his hand, like an undergraduate tapping the reception desk bell in the Savoy, is a shade too precious, that arching of the eyebrows into mock surprise, that display of rabbit teeth, that dancing vacancy of the eyes seem a shade too unbalanced.

Yet his books showed that he had a wide mind, his fair-wind achievements on housing were impressive and his performances in the House during this parliament have been first class. Further, he has a reputation with the colleagues who know him best of being not only able, but tough and ambitious as well. Here then was a man who might not only burst through the tissue paper barrier which separates him from the Tory leadership but might take the bold, unorthodox measures needed to avoid a balance of payments disaster in the autumn.

On Tuesday, Macmillan got off to a bad start. For no obvious reason, the House was in a flippant mood. But instead of gauging that mood and quietening it either with a joke or with a mass of statistics, he began to plough through the opening he had already prepared and that opening, with its elaborate comparison between Budget Day and a school Speech Day, was even more childish than the mood of the House. Worse, he let fall some sentences which were gifts to the opposition. He did not propose, he said, to give the usual review of the events of the past financial year. Since these events included Butler's electioneering budget and the subsequent autumn budget, the opposition was able to make clear that it understood the reasons for Macmillan's omission. But, he went on, he would give just one quick backward glance. As such a glance, if meant literally, must have included Mr. Butler who was sitting immediately behind him, the phrase produced still more hilarity; and when the Chancellor went on to say that "by all the rules, 1955 should have been a good financial year," I began to wonder whether the rest of his speech would get any hearing at all. Obviously upset by the reception he was getting, he did at last try a joke. But it was not a funny one and he spoiled it by stumbling over the pay-off line.

However, while the government benches sat in bemused silence, the opposition in time exhausted itself and Macmillan got silence. Towards the middle of his speech, he suddenly began to get not only silence but a hearing. The phrases began to come right—when lamenting the delay we experienced in getting adequate statistics he said that referring to them was like looking up a train in last year's Bradshaw—and the content, especially the references to the efforts which, years ago, Bob Boothby and he had made to promote an economic advisory council, seemed to be leading up to an exposition of the need for planning and was genuinely interesting.

But it came to nothing and, by and by, he put his foot in it again when, regardless of the flushed face of Mr. Butler, he said that "erring on the side of optimism might well be disastrous." This set the opposition off again and when he tried to tell the House that in his room in Downing Street there was a picture of Gladstone, some wag with perfect timing beat him to the name and substituted Sir Bernard Docker. The resulting hilarity only subsided when he reached his definite proposals. The first one, to cut the bread subsidy,

was slipped in so unobtrusively that he was on to something else before the opposition could react, but there was a big reaction to his premium bond plan. At the moment of the announcement there was a shout of laughter, but this diminished into a doubtful but probably disapproving rumble on the opposition benches and among some of the Tories. When he came to the increased tobacco duty and his refusal to grant exemption to old age pensioners, the cries of "Shame" were so persistent that the slight increase in the profits tax and Family Allowances passed almost unnoticed.

Then suddenly we found that the Chancellor had finished his proposals. He had managed once to rouse his own side, with his announcement, not accompanied with any specific plans, that he would cut £100,000,000 from government spending in the current year. But when the House realised that he had no more to say the general opposition feeling seemed to be one of bewilderment. Never before had so little been said in so many words. From his despatch box the Chancellor had produced, not a roaring lion, but a mangy little mouse. This was a Monte Carlo budget, not because of the proposed lottery, but because the Chancellor had chosen to gamble on the credit squeeze and his predecessor's financial controls to stave off the autumn crisis instead of taking bold action on his own account. When in his peroration he wrapped up his little parcel in platitudinous grandiloquence—"The eyes of the world are upon us . . . . the prize of success is great . . . ." and so on—like a bandsman sounding Reveille on a tin whistle, the House refused to listen. He finished as he began amid a burble of mockery from the opposition which the routine cheers of the government benches failed to quell.

The Chancellor had stood aside from the economic battle. Perhaps, like his Minister of Labour, he felt that this battle was not the government's business. He seemed also to have stood aside from the personal battle inside the Tory party, for his performance could not possibly have improved his own standing. It was said of Mr. Churchill's first performance as Chancellor that it was the best speech on the worst budget. Mr. Macmillan managed to make the most trivial speech on the most trivial budget.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Commercial Travellers

Foreign travel is a new and exciting experience for Soviet politicians. It is always refreshing to see strange faces and odd places. But the London visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev, like their previous excursions to Belgrade, New Delhi and Rangoon, is something more than a pleasurable diversion. These journeys are one of the most striking innovations of post-Stalin diplomacy, and each of them has served a definite political objective. It is true that the Soviet leaders come here on the invitation of Sir Anthony Eden—an invitation thrown out at Geneva to show goodwill, and to prove to Sir Anthony's critics that he genuinely desired high-level talks. It has been the Russians, however, who have insisted on coming, and who have guided the arrangements past every pitfall. Such resolution suggests that they attach great importance to their visit.

A simple, and almost certainly erroneous, interpretation is that the Soviet leaders have come merely to persuade the British that they are jolly and well-intentioned fellows who mean no harm. Lulled and wooed, the argument then runs, we shall be more willing to trade, to let down our defences, and to venture a little further from the apron-strings of Washington. Some smiles for the public, some inconclusive private exchanges with Sir Anthony, some parting compliments, a farewell wave of the hand, and hey presto! the trick is done.

Neither the British nor the Soviet leaders are such fools. Most comment on this visit has been wide of the mark because it has treated it in isolation, as if it were some curious accident in Anglo-Soviet relations. It is, on the contrary, an integral part of the new policy that the Soviet government has been working out since the death of Stalin, and it cannot be understood unless it is put in that context.

Consider, first, the visit to Belgrade. Its purpose was to admit, not merely a serious diplomatic error, but a doctrinal mistake of the first importance. Until the new leadership publicly conceded that Stalin had been wrong about the Yugoslavs, it could not proceed to the revision of internal party policy, to the revival of party democracy and the justification of Stalin's critics in eastern Europe. The party problem had to be settled first, and the reconciliation with Yugoslavia was the dramatic token of the new leaderships intentions.

The next journey was to Geneva. In this case, no specific agreement was sought or secured. But by meeting the western statesmen, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev created the "Geneva spirit": both sides realised that at last there was a balance of power in the world, and that the drift to nuclear war was a drift towards mutual destruction. If they could not agree on positive measures to ensure peace, at least there was the implicit, if negative, understanding that neither side intended to make war. So, at Geneva, the Soviet leaders took the second step to escape from the deadly impasse into which Stalin had been leading them. This, like the Belgrade visit, reflected a doctrinal change—a change spelt out in detail by Mr. Krushchev at the 20th Party Congress, when he declared that the theory of inevitable conflict between the two systems was no longer true and had, indeed, become dangerously wrong.

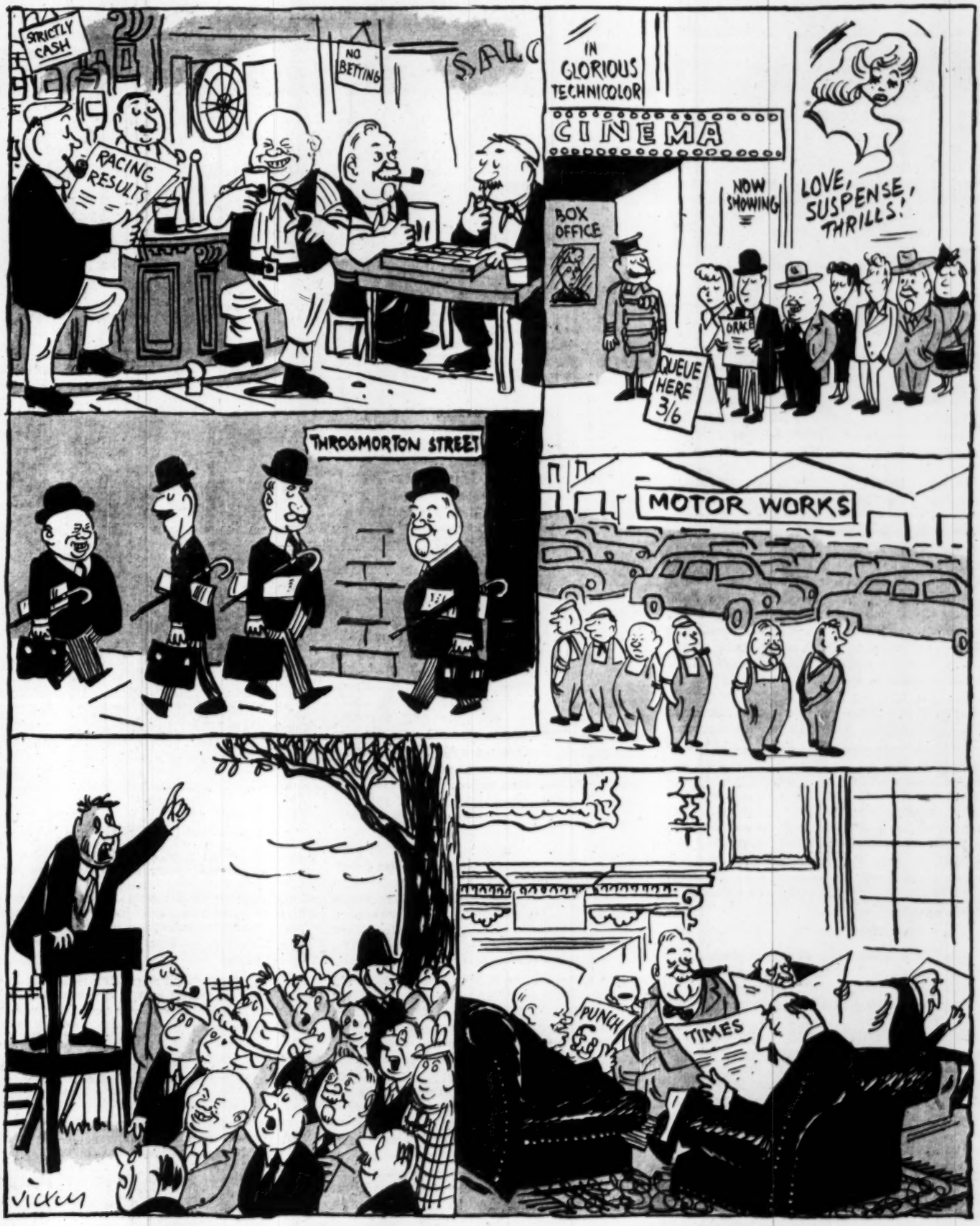
It was not merely nuclear parity that led Mr. Krushchev to this conclusion. Today, he argued, Communism is no longer confined to one backward country: the Soviet bloc runs from the Oder to the China Sea, and its partisans are powerful "allies of peace" in a dozen other countries. War, therefore, is possible but unlikely. Moreover—and here we come to the third revision of Stalin's theories—it is no longer the Soviet view that he who is not for Communism must be against it. At the Party Congress, Mr. Krushchev argued that the uncommitted nations were another force making for peace. These countries, notably India but including the other powers that met at Bandung, are not necessarily moving towards Communism at home or alliance with Communism abroad, but, in his phrase, they are moving out of the orbit of imperialism. To endorse this trend, which fits into the classic pattern of Leninism, the Soviet leaders made their third sortie—in this case to India and Burma. Some of their phrases were wildly extravagant, some of their points unfair and untrue. But their attacks on "colonialism" were more than mere demagogy: they were precisely consistent with the new world view which they are trying to establish. Co-existence, to them, does not mean giving capitalism a free hand everywhere outside the frontiers of Communism. It means that both systems will compete by all means short of war.

Now comes the visit to London. And this, too, must be related to the new articles of faith laid down by Mr. Krushchev at the Party Congress. No doubt, the Soviet leaders will discuss Anglo-Soviet trade relations; and no doubt Sir Anthony will try to get some assurances about Soviet policy in the Middle East. But these are tactical points. What we must try to infer is the larger strategy behind this carefully planned descent on London, the European office of the Anglo-American alliance.

Is the objective to disrupt the western alliance? While the Communists would certainly be glad to widen any differences they may detect between London and Washington, they at present seem much more interested in breaking down the rigid barriers between all the great powers, and thereby permitting themselves and the West greater freedom of manœuvre. At the moment, London is for them the business-partner of Washington, where alone they can secure the third of their main purposes, the winding-up of the cold war. For this, they now see, was the greatest and most dangerous of Stalin's errors. He came close to destroying the party: the visit to Belgrade was essential if that mistake was to be rectified. He antagonised neutral and moderate opinion throughout the world; and so, to reverse that trend, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev made the journey to the East. Above all, he raised up an alliance against the Soviet Union which has several times come to the brink of war; and the London visit is a necessary, though perhaps only preliminary, step towards persuading the West to dismantle that alliance.

This is indeed a formidable task. But it may be less ambitious than it seems at first sight. Soviet diplomacy has faced the West with a tremendous and novel challenge. The West can choose to go on with the cold war. In that case, it must accept the consequent economic strain, and more diplomatic reverses of the kind that have pushed western colonialism out of Asia, are breaking up its position in the Middle East and tomorrow may begin to drive it from Africa. Or, on the other hand, the western powers can begin to disarm—and thereby face a different set of problems. Disarmament will not merely raise short-run questions of reconversion: it will raise the classic question of how capitalism can dispose of its surplus, and how it can find suitable markets. If they do not make—and export—guns, capitalist powers must make and export tractors, hydro-equipment and ploughshares. Then, directly, in a large part of the world, they are led into competition with the Soviet system; and they have to compete willy-nilly. It is on this Leninist paradox that the new Soviet policy is founded. At this stage of world history, peace may prove a much more powerful social catalyst than war.

If this analysis is correct, we cannot meet this challenge without a revision of policy at least as far-reaching as that which has been going on in Moscow. We, too, must bring ourselves up to date, for the policies that did duty in the cold war are totally inadequate for a period of competitive co-existence. Without a plan for diverting our resources to peaceful rather than stagnant military objectives, for changing our own economies and transforming those of the colonial world, the capitalist democracies will be impaled. What Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev are asking us, however politely, is whether we will take the risk of making peace with them. What we must ask is how we can best equip ourselves to accept that risk.



"In the course of their travels through the country they will have plenty of opportunity, of which they will doubtless avail themselves, of seeing the British people and their way of life."

—Foreign Office statement.

London Diary

VICTORIA STATION looked very much its familiar shabby self when I assisted at the arrival of B. & K. A small patch of Platform 2 had been swept but not garnished; there were no flowers, but the only three arches that the visitors could see had been repainted in those ugly, but hard-wearing browns and greens affected by British Railways. Press stands flanked the spot of arrival; on one side, mainly photographers, on the other, mainly reporters. Half an hour before zero-hour the plain-clothes security men were reinforced by the station master (are station masters and bank messengers now the only people who affect top hats?) and William Clark, wearing a black coat and striped trousers to make it quite plain that he was no longer a journalist. We consulted the mimeographed sheets presented to us by the railway company and noted the names of the driver and fireman and guard and pullman conductor who would have looked after B. & K. on the journey from Portsmouth, and that they would be met by the Prime Minister, by the Norwegian Ambassador (the doyen of the diplomatic corps) and the Foreign Secretary, who was described as the Rt. Hon. Anthony Nutting, M.P.—an entry which had been hastily crossed out in ink. These important personages made a well-staged entrance a minute before the train arrived. B. & K. stepped out looking, you may be surprised to know, exactly as they appear in drawings by Vicky. The crowd outside, which could see nothing, but knew, no doubt by telepathy, that the train had arrived, could be heard cheering in the distance. I thought I heard a few boos, but may be they were only distant engine hoots. After handshaking and much mutual smiling in English and Russian, the Prime Minister turned his back on the reporters and addressed what I presume was a speech of welcome to the assembled television, cinema and newspaper photographers. I suspect that Marshal Bulganin did the same thing. Maybe there were also translations. But we could hear nothing and had to be content with a view of Bulge's blue back and Krush's billiard-ball head. Outside the station I found that the crowd was really large. There was some impressive cheering; I should have expected some booing too, since some of Mosley's men were present with banners suggesting that murderers were loose amongst us. But the banners that I saw conspicuously waving above the crowd merely emphasised the presence of Jesus Christ.

* * *

About a hundred M.P.s of all parties turned up at the House of Commons meeting last week, promoted by the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, to question four officials from the Scandinavian and Belgian Ministries of Justice about the hazards of life in a country that has no death penalty. They proceeded to ask questions to which the answers are well-enough known by abolitionists (and most of the questions seemed to be coming from M.P.s who had voted against abolition); but they got the answers at first hand, and all the more convincing, perhaps, for being in halting English. The visitors gamely repeated their performance at a Press Conference about a couple of hours later: when you abolish the death penalty, they said, you do *not* need to arm the police differently, there is *not* an increase in the murder rate, the reprieved men do *not* murder their guards, released murderers do *not* go off and murder a second victim. Dr. Ericksson, of the Swedish Ministry of Justice, said that he remembered only one demand for the restoration of the death penalty: two members of the Swedish Diet tabled a motion with that object two years ago, and every other member voted against it. What inspired it? There was a lot in the papers at that time about the death penalty. Why? Oh, the British Royal Commission on Capital Punishment was over there stirring things up. . . . I'm glad to see that these four men—the Norwegian Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Belgian Ministry of Justice, the Governor of the famous Swedish prison for psychopaths, and Dr. Ericksson himself—are all coming back again to speak at the mass meeting arranged by the National Campaign at the Festival Hall on May 24.

* * *

In between these occasions I spent a fascinating Anglo-German week-end in the Rhineland. The magnolia that stands outside the conference house at Königswinter has in other years been in full glory when we met in April; this year I could not see a bud. The hedges look as if they have been accidentally singed by a bonfire. Though the Rhine is no longer blocked with floating ice, it rained so hard that no one volunteered for the usual voyage in search of a maiden combing her golden hair. It was equally useless to climb up the wooded slopes for breakfast on Sunday morning. However, we did not care very much where the water went since it did not get into the Rhine wine that spread a happy haze over all our deliberations.

* * *

The essence of this annual institution is that it is not Important. Somehow, by her genius for personal relations, Frau Milchsack, who started these Königswinter conferences seven years ago, has persuaded important people, Germans as well as British, not to behave importantly. We do not, I hope, talk hot air, but at the lightest touch of cold official breath we should just wither away and die. Königswinter is a place where English politicians, journalists and the like actually get to know their German opposite numbers, and, more often still, discover unexpected patches of common ground with political opponents of their own nation. Last year's conference ended excellently in the sort of squabble which must happen if serious people talk honestly to each other about serious subjects without being afraid that political capital will be made of their honesty. The German Foreign Office was excessively alarmed, and sent down a high-powered representative of Dr. Adenauer's party to reassure the world press assembled for the plenary session that any scandalously neutralist opinions they may have heard only came from a few S.P.D. eccentrics. This year careful provision was made for this same session; it was devoted to trying to prevent the world's press getting any notion that anything interesting or unconventional had been said during the conference. This did not deceive a single newspaper man. Light relief came from Sir John Slessor, who suggested that Bulganin was somehow personally responsible for Soviet treachery in failing to aid the Warsaw rising, and that since the Russians had agreed to our demands at the Disarmament Conference we were "in a spot". Some of us thought that though caution is particularly necessary in dealings with the Kremlin, this was pushing it to the point of suicide—which is, after all, the ultimate form of caution.

* * *

Hard news from the satellite states is, of course, rare, but West Germans do really know what is happening in the Soviet sector. In Poland, for instance, the amount of discontent with Communism and with Russian protection is a matter of speculation; all Poles, even though they are Catholics and traditionally hate Russia, also remember the unutterable horrors of German invasion and occupation. They may be torn and divided on the subject. But I doubt if ten per cent. of East Germans are content with their present lot. We have good evidence, for, in spite of the elaborate system of passes by which the Communist government tries to stop them from leaving the Soviet Zone, many thousands do in fact succeed. They report, as one might expect, that the de-Stalinisation has had a devastating effect on Communist youth. Their whole training and outlook has been based on Stalin worship. Now suddenly they are deprived of all faith. Ulbricht mocked at them when at the recent Party Congress they demanded an explanation. The return of prisoners of war and the winding up of the concentration camps in Poland does not mean that there are not many thousands—the figure given me was about 20,000—political prisoners who have been detained on one score or another during the last few years. I cannot help thinking that the Russians must know that they have none of that hold in Eastern Germany which they may claim in the satellite states, and that a hard-headed bargaining approach could be made by a German Chancellor who could add up two and two and come to find it came to neutralism.

* * *

Walter Elliot, who since the death of Philip Guedalla has probably qualified as the best after-dinner speaker in England, hung a memorable farewell address round the theme of the German bed. It has always puzzled me too. In a German bed one's body is weighed down beneath a vast billowing mass, far too hot in summer and untuckable in the winter. One's poor feet stick out miserably at the bottom. As elaborated by Walter Elliot, this became the basis of a case for economic aid under Point 4 for Germany. More modest myself, I merely ask how it can be that a people, so usually intelligent in matters of creature comfort as the Germans, have not yet discovered the proper use of blankets.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

On the contrary, I believe children's allowances should vary with the family income, giving bigger ones to parents with a higher income, whose child will cost more to bring up.—*News Chronicle.* (F. T. Jones.)

Prince Charles, aged seven, tops the list of this year's 11 best-dressed men in the world, selected by the *Tailor and Cutter*. His clothes are "smart and imaginative," says the magazine's editor, who also picked him in 1954.—*Daily Herald.* (H. Bassett.)

The fire broke out in a Territorial Army hut behind Horsham drill hall and men on the spot put it out with hand hoses.

Then, a day late, someone remembered that Army regulations require the local fire brigade to be called. So yesterday firemen and engine arrived.

The officer in charge confirmed there had been a fire and that his brigade had attended, and the Army was happy.—*News Chronicle.* (Mrs. A. Winter.)

Three framed water colours, by a countess, for sale.—Advt. in Exeter *Express and Echo.* (M. Wimbush.)

EUROPE IN PERSchwepptiVE

Let us take you to **FRANCE**, land of mirth, perpetual ou-la-la and the omnipresence of the shocking.

If at first you see nothing but respectable civil servants with civil families dressed in Sunday black, turn at once to our Guide Book where you will learn that France is essentially gay. And (avoiding the three English-looking spinsters in tweed coats sitting on the plage under umbrellas) realise that it is essentially and sunnily Gallic as well. If you are tired of finding, from Normandy to Provence, that everyone is a political specialist with a neatly rational political argument, let us tell you all about the inconsequence, informality and irresponsibility of Gallic wit.

For literature and art, know that France is the

capital of mad experiment and the birthplace of ephemeral Isms. Take no notice if you find (see inset) an Academy of professors in seven day session over the correct position of an apostrophe.

Look at the simple Worker, drinking solitary at his table a humble pastis or a double pernod before going to work in the morning, and try, if he seems to you a little blank, to look at him in perschwepptive—For here is France of the softly southern slopes whose grape is warming the responsive palate and feeding the mental resilience of the expert in the art of living.

Look quite firmly ; because the Guide Book Cannot be Wrong.

Written by Stephen Potter : designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

The New Statesman and Nation, April 21, 1956

The Best Man Always Wins

At eight o'clock one morning last week, Miss Grace Kelly, trailed by five private detectives, 20 film executives, 60 reporters, 40 photographers and 80 assorted bridesmaids, relatives and hangers-on, steamed into Monte Carlo aboard the yacht of Prince Rainier III. From all over the world, Constellations and Dakotas, motor cruisers and Hispano-Suizas were converging on the Principality, bringing with them ex-kings and movie stars, cameramen and columnists, professional socialites and professional gatecrashers, pastry-cooks, fashion designers, Interpol experts, card-sharpers, confidence men and just plain burglars. Watching them, from his private deck on his eminently private yacht, sat a 49-year-old Greek, attired in the conventional millionaire's dress of dove-grey flannels, white-and-tan shoes and dark glasses. It was to be the noisiest, biggest, most ostentatious wedding of all time, a pyrotechnical extravaganza more sensational than the widest-screened, most stereophonic Hollywood epic (and infinitely more profitable), the greatest publicity stunt in all history, calculated, down to the last traveller's cheque, to put Monte Carlo back on the map once and for always; and it was all, directly or indirectly, his doing. Aristotle Socrates Onassis had backed another winner.

Onassis is a godsend to those penniless authors who write textbooks on how to make money. He started out, at sixteen, with £50; now he has assets variously calculated between £90 million and £150 million, representing over 1,250,000 tons of shipping, 30 registered corporations, the largest private tanker fleet in the world, offices in New York, London, Montevideo, Jeddah and Monte Carlo, seven assorted houses and chateaux, and the 17th most valuable art collection on earth. He has got to that happy stage where he never carries a penny in his pockets (his five aides, who accompany him everywhere, carry it instead). His yacht is, in the opinion of the ex-Emperor Bao Dai (who should know), "the most comfortable in the world." It has a dance-floor which, at the press of a button, can be transformed into a swimming pool, two motor-cruisers and a flying-boat stored on deck, an El Greco in the study, Bouchers in the bathrooms, fireplaces of lapis-lazuli, a crew of 40 (all Germans) and a captain who commands a larger salary than a Cunard commodore. (When the *Christina* first steamed into Monte, she set up an anguishing inflation in the Monégasque yacht world, and now all the captains have Cadillacs.)

It's fashionable, among Onassis' more remote acquaintances, to remark that he is still haunted by the fear of poverty. If so, he shows no visible signs of worry, and his contention that he would remain a millionaire even if Communism conquered the world is probably true. Certainly, he began life in a humble way. His father, a prosperous Smyrna tobacco merchant, was ruined during the Turkish massacres of 1922, and three of his uncles hanged. Young Onassis was given £50 and letters of introduction, and sent off to Buenos Aires, where he finally secured a job as a night telephone operator. Onassis points out, with some truth, that the secret of business is to know things that nobody else knows, and his own life certainly vindicates the theory. In between working his switchboard, he discovered that nobody had ever thought of importing cheap Eastern European tobacco into Argentina. Twelve months later, he had netted £1,000 and on his twenty-third birthday he was worth £250,000.

It was at this point—during the early depression years—that Onassis acquired another, and decisive, piece of knowledge. He learnt that a certain Canadian steamship company, which operated a fleet of 30 freighters, was going bankrupt. The ships, 9,000-tonners, had cost £400,000 apiece. Onassis picked out six and paid £30,000, down, for the lot, wisely laid up five for two years, and then sailed into the world charter business at cut-price rates. By the time the Second World War, and the golden age of charter shipping, arrived, he had a sizeable fleet, including three tankers built to his own specifications. Submarine warfare meant that ship-owners could charge any rates they chose to name and over-compensate their losses on government insurance. Onassis emerged from the war a multi-millionaire, and immediately plunged into three highly contentious fields: war surplus, whaling and Middle-Eastern oil freightage. All of them brought him profits—and trouble.

In 1945, Onassis and some other Greek associates created a series of temporary companies to buy war-surplus shipping from the U.S. government. Under American law, war-surplus cannot be sold to aliens, and when the Department of Justice investigated the companies in 1953, Onassis found himself accused of conspiracy. In the end, the government dropped the criminal charges and settled for a $7 million fine which Onassis paid cheerfully and promptly. His next scrap was with the government of Peru, which impounded his entire whaling fleet for operating within 200 miles of the Peruvian coast. There is no doubt that Onassis is a keen hand at the whaling business—the Norwegian Whaling Federation has accused him of flagrant and persistent violations of international whaling agreements—but in this case he had world opinion on his side. Moreover, knowing the Peruvians, he had taken precautions and held an emergency insurance at Lloyd's. When Peru fined him £1,000,000, Lloyd's had the choice of paying the fine, or paying Onassis £3 million compensation for the loss of his fleet. Lloyd's paid the fine, though not very cheerfully.

Onassis' biggest and most profitable tussle, however, was with the international oil cartel. Unlike most successful businessmen, Onassis really does believe in free enterprise and competition; he dislikes carving up markets because he firmly believes that with a minimum of luck he will eventually corner the lot. After the war, he shrewdly foresaw that the most profitable and expanding section of the international shipping business would be in oil freightage; and that the direction would be towards super-tankers in the 40,000-ton class. By 1953, he had the largest and most modern tanker-fleet in the world, but his original calculation that oil shipments would

increase annually by 8 per cent. had proved optimistic, and he was faced with the choice of laying up some of his tankers or antagonising the big oil companies. Characteristically, he chose the second course, and signed a spectacular agreement with the Saudi-Arabian government which gave him the right to transport all Saudi oil not carried in the Aramco fleet, which handles about 40 per cent. A further clause allowed him to take over from Aramco ships when they became obsolescent. The agreement was denounced by the British Chamber of Shipping in the strongest language to which that august body permits itself to resort, the oil companies stopped chartering Onassis' vessels, and a certain Mr. Catapoudis, who claimed to have been in on the deal, sued Onassis for $30 million and claimed he had bribed the Saudi Finance Minister. But, although it *was* Saudi Arabia and the minister concerned was subsequently dismissed for accepting bribes from Germans and failing to cut in King Saud, Catapoudis lost his action and the agreement was held perfectly legal. Onassis reasoned that in Saudi Arabia nationalism was stronger than commercial motives, and under the agreement, his fleet was placed under the Saudi flag and an annual quota of Saudis enrolled as ship's officers; he further reasoned that, since the Saudis actually controlled the oil, the big companies would sooner or later have to come to heel. His reasoning, as usual, was correct. The flagship of the new fleet, the *Al-Malik Saud Al Awal*, was duly launched ("christened", not with champagne, but with a bottle of holy water from Mecca), and when it took on its first cargo of oil at Jeddah, the £20,000 party he threw on board was attended not only by the Saudis but by representatives of the big companies and British and American diplomats. The war was over.

By this time, Onassis' main centre of activities had been switched from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, and he decided to transfer his headquarters from Montevideo to the Riviera. Thus was set in motion the train of events which led Miss Kelly to the altar of Monte Carlo Cathedral. Using his Palladian villa at Antibes for a base, Onassis scouted around for a suitable office, and his eye soon fell on the Monte Carlo Sporting Club. Unfortunately, the Club was owned by the Casino, whose directors did not like Mr. Onassis and refused to sell. But Onassis, as usual, soon acquired a piece of knowledge: he discovered that Prince Rainier, who holds constitutional rights over the Casino, did not like the directors. Talks were held, and Onassis emerged as controlling shareholder of the Casino, with a vested interest in the Principality's future.

Since then, things have happened fast. The scandal over the Monégasque Precious Metals Bank, in which the Prince's personal entourage was involved, enabled Onassis to clear the medieval financiers out of Monaco; and the annual loss on the Casino of £90,000 has been changed into a handsome profit of £150,000. Onassis has modernised the hotels and theatres, imported thousands of tons of sand to dress up Monte's skimpy beach, and laid a concrete floor on the harbour. He plans to build a racecourse in the sea, and link the city with the local golf course by an aerial railway. Monte Carlo is humming with constructional activity, breathing promise of future pleasure. But something was required to advertise the fact, to tell the world that Monte was no longer an old-fashioned second-best to Cannes. Something was also required to settle its uncertain constitutional future, which threatens French government (and French income-tax) if Prince Rainier dies without an heir. So the prince, accordingly, was duly dispatched to America and encouraged to find a bride with a famous name. The result was apparently love at first sight, but from Mr. Onassis' point of view it was also a sound business proposition. The fact is, everyone in the world knows beyond any doubt, that Monte Carlo is something more than a name in Edwardian memoirs.

Onassis is now a power on the Mediterranean littoral, and allows himself, on occasions, to take considerable liberties with what has been described as "Princess Kelly's Rotten Borough." Worthy Monégasque citizens are liable to be awoken, at two o'clock in the morning, by a cataclysmic and impromptu display of fireworks, of which a large stock is kept on the *Christina*. But in general he is highly popular in his new citadel. Monégasques appreciate the truth of his remark that "Monte Carlo will always be prosperous so long as there are 3,000 rich men in the world," and they appreciate even more the fact that he has succeeded in bringing a high percentage of the 3,000 there personally. But the wealthy socialites who flock to the incessant parties on board the *Christina* are drawn by something more than Onassis' hospitality. Millionaire shipowners are not usually distinguished by wit, erudition and good taste; Onassis has all three, together with a charm which would have brought him social success even if he had remained at the Buenos Aires switchboard. Whether he will rest content with his new role of fairy godmother to Monaco remains to be seen, but his friends doubt it. Onassis is still a youngish man, he has a great deal of surplus energy and plenty of capital. There is no lack of worlds to conquer. He is currently said to be interested in Britain, and in a few weeks' time Londoners will wake up to find the *Christina* berthed in the Thames. It is a prospect which opens up interesting possibilities.

The Pierrepoint Papers

WHEN I was young and romantic I went as a *répétiteur* to an *Ecole Normale* between Nantes and St. Nazaire. When free from conducting my riotous classes in English conversation I used to spend much of my time sprawling on the ground near a windmill, improving my mind rather than my French by conversation with the miller. He was a stout and bibulous Breton, whose life seemed to me idyllic. I remember once asking him if he was not the happiest of men. I count his reply among my major disillusionments, for he gave a Gallic shrug and said of his job: "C'est un métier comme un autre."

Incongruously it is the picture of that mill at Savenay which returns to my mind as I look at the torn and crumpled letters which were sent to me from Dublin. They are the letters of an English hangman to an Irish sheriff and they have that same blasé quality which shattered my romantic build-up of the Breton miller. They make hanging an everyday business, a job like any other.

The letters—six of them—were written between November 16, 1923, and some time in February, 1924. This was two years after the Irish Free State had been established by treaty; but even to this day the Irish still borrow an executioner from "the adjacent island" whenever they need one.

Perhaps hanging was so long associated with Sassenach rule that Irishmen developed an allergy to the profession. In England, on the other hand, the supply has long exceeded the demand. To this day we are officially informed that there are, on the average, five applications a week for the job in the United Kingdom. From force of habit the newly-liberated Irish turned to this well-stocked labour market when their own resources completely failed them.

Prominent in the annals of English hanging is the family of Pierrepoint, hereditary hangmen. Top hangman until recently was Albert Pierrepoint, in private life a publican and formerly mine host of an hostelry happily designated *Help the Poor Struggler*. The correspondence now before me is from a previous incumbent, Albert's uncle, Thomas William Pierrepoint (now deceased), to whom a certain Mr. McCracken, then acting as Sheriff of Dublin County, applied on November 12 and 15, 1923, to request his services.

Pierrepoint replied on November 16 from his Yorkshire home, with restrained enthusiasm:

> I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. and also letter of the 12th which has been delayed some how re William Downs who is fixed for Thursday the 29th November 1923 at Mountjoy Prison Dublin for execution And to say I shall be very pleased to oblige on

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TARGET SUBSCRIPTIONS 3½% PER ANNUM
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CITY OFFICE: 141 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

the above date without fail Sir, and I will report my self at Mountjoy Prison in good time the day previous to the execution and see to all being in good order without fail and I also thank you very much Sir, for the engagement,

I am, Sir,
Yours Obedient Servant,
Thomas Wm. Pierrepoint.

The letters are written in a bold large, round hand, with a few flourishes—especially in the signature, which is underlined. The reason for McCracken's first letter remaining unanswered until he wrote again on the 15th is given in Pierrepoint's next communication, dated November 19:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. Sorry to put you to so much trouble, Sir, with not answering your first letter by return of post but it was pure Accident with the envelope being rather wide it was stuck in the slot at the top of the letter box and my wife had not noticed it I was upset about it when the second letter came and sent a telegram at once hoping you will think no worse of me Sir, and I shall be coming via Holyhead and Kingstown and I will make my way straight to the Prison Sir, as it does not do to hang about and advertise yourself on these Jobs so you can trust to me Sir, coming I shall cross by the Tuesday night boat from Holyhead, thanking you very much for the engagement.

The English executioner was still, it appears, *persona non grata* in Dublin. But the dauntless Pierrepoint is next found offering his services to other sheriffs ("or any other Gentleman") in a letter of November 26:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 24th inst. and I thank you Sir, for your kindness I will come direct to your Office as you think it best so as to make no mistake and I will do my best for you Sir, And to say I shall be very pleased to meet with the Sheriff of Offally who is responsible for two further Executions on the 12th December next And to say I shall be very pleased to oblige if he should require my services without fail Sir, And if the Sheriff of Roscommon should require me at any time or any other gentleman I shall be very pleased to oblige and do my best. . . .

There is something very moving in Pierrepoint's anxiety to oblige, the pleasure he takes in his work, his determination to do his best, his proud insistence that his services are "without fail." He returns to this theme again in his next letter, of December 3, on his return to Yorkshire after settling the affairs of William Downs, who had been "fixed for Thursday, November 29." He also supplies some casual information about his *modus operandi* apropos of his travelling kit:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 1st inst and I thank you Sir, for your kindness for sending me the letter from M. P. Devereux, Esq, Under Sheriff, And to say I shall always be very pleased to Oblige and do my best for any Gentleman who enquires for me with pleasure Sir,

P.S. I arrived home quite safe and without any trouble I had a good look around Dublin while [*sic*] into the afternoon and then walked part way to Kingstown and got into a tram the remainder of the way and booked across from Kingstown I kept hearing conversations about the execution at Mountjoy but I never let on even the sailors on boad [*sic*] were looking out for the hangman and I was close beside them but I never let on I expect they thought of seeing me with a lot of luggage but I never carry any with me only in my pocket a pair of pliers a two foot rule and tape measure as I think it better than carrying a hand bag I think it gives the game away I believe in going nice and quiet about my business and not let everybody know who I am.

We see the hangman here as a simple soul, going quietly and unostentatiously on his mission—with malice towards none. The journey from Dublin to Kingstown (now Dun Laoghaire in High Gaelic) was clearly designed to throw the hounds off the scent; and we can reasonably compare Pierrepoint's excursions to Dublin with those of the Scarlet Pimpernel to Paris. But in his next letter, of February 12, 1924, Pierrepoint is in trouble. He writes, more in grief than in anger, of the shabby behaviour of another Irish sheriff—at Christmas, of all ill-chosen times:

Just a few lines hoping to find you quite well as it leaves me quite well at present I thought it best to write to you as I have found you to be a Gentleman, sorry to say I do not think J. P. McGovern, as done straight to me he engaged me to carry out the execution of Aylward on the 27th of December and I promised him faithfully I would not dissapoint him and he wished me to write a letter before I came and I did so about a week before and told him I was coming and bringing an assistant with me as we always have one over here and sometimes two if it is a double Execution and he never answered my letter and then I sent him a Telegram about the 25th to say I was coming to make sure and he never answered my Telegram so I was obliged to come as I had heard nothing to the contrary and when I got to Mountjoy Prison I was told by the Governor he had been reprieved, And the Governor told us we could go and I said perhaps Mr. McGovern, would be coming and want to see us so I made arrangements with the Governor to call again in the afternoon to see if he had heard anything and when I called he had got a Telephone message through to say we had to proceed home and we should get all our expenses paid so I did as I was told And then he did not write me until January 3rd 1924, for me to Please let him have my a/c for expenses and I sent him a letter by return of Post and he has never answered it and I sent him another about a week ago and he has never answered that so I don't know what to make of such a man he said he had been laid up with Influenza but if so I think he could have got some one else to write a line I cancelled an engagement at Leeds on the 28th December which I could have done but I had promised faithfully I would not disappoint Mr. McGovern on the 27th at Mountjoy.

A "post-script" follows before the signature. Badly torn, it is an explanation of the better practice in England:

Over here if we get notified of a reprieve before we leave home we do not expect to get anything unless they wish to send a small sum for Expenses of writing I have had a retainer of £3.0.0. and I have had as low as 10/- for expenses of writing but if we get to the Prison before we get to know of a reprieve we get paid in full as if we had carried the Execution out in fact I got to Winchester Prison since I was at Mountjoy for the Execution of A. E. Dearnley and he got reprieved while I was there and the Under Sheriff paid me up before I left he had a receipt made out ready for me signing without asking and I think it only right when a man as been true to turn up it would not be right for a man to stop away on his . . . (*cetera desunt*)

The last letter shows Pierrepoint as an essentially reasonable person, unwilling to condemn even the Irish in a wholesale and indiscriminate manner. It is torn and only "Feby" is left of the date:

. . . I have not heard anything yet Sir, from any one but you and the first words my wife said when she looked at your letter she said that man is a Gentleman. And I also think the same Sir, and I am also very much obliged to you Sir, for what you have done for me and I shall also be very pleased to oblige if you require me again any time or any other Gentleman as I have found them all respectful Gentleman to deal with so far but I cannot understand Mr. McGovern not writing but I am not going to blame one man for another as it is not my princi— [missing] no matter what country [missing] he is as you know Sir, you find good and bad in all nationalities so therefore we shall have to live in hopes . . .

On this mellow and philosophic note the correspondence ends. Of the sequel I only know that on a subsequent occasion a certain hangman from England is said to have kept the condemned man waiting at the gallows while he argued with an Irish prison governor about an extra five pounds which he demanded.

A little contretemps like this, however, could not seriously affect good relations. In *un métier comme un autre*, strikes and industrial disputes will occasionally occur, but the present head of the Pierrepoint dynasty was still, in recent years, making periodic trips across the Irish Channel. A few years after the war my wife was asked to sign the purser's autograph album when we were on our way to Dublin. She opened the book at random and signed on a blank page. It was not until I commented on her choice of company that she saw Albert Pierrepoint's signature on the opposite page.

On a later voyage the same purser, who had previously overlooked the fact that I, too, had scrambled into print occasionally, invited me apologetically to add my own autograph. He opened the book for me to sign dutifully below the name of Ethel Mannin, but I had other ideas. As the matter now stands there is Pierrepoint's signature—"with best wishes"; and below are the words: "For what?

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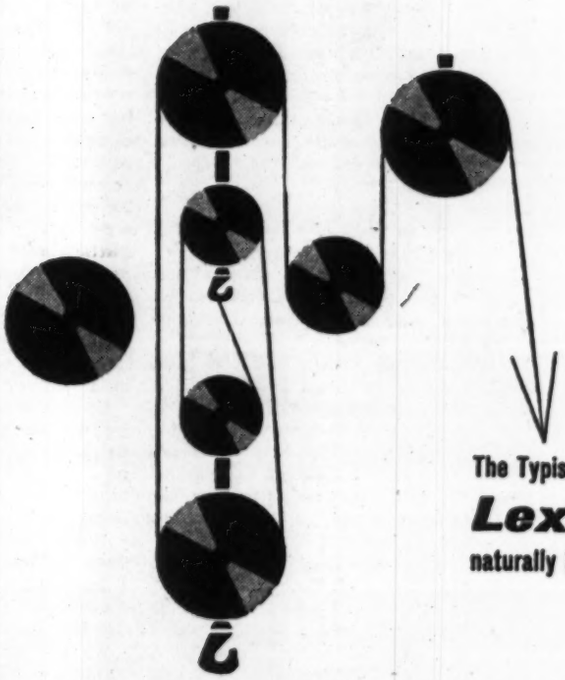
Being Prohibited

A LARGE number of my friends are locked out of countries and unable to return; locked into countries and unable to get out; have been deported, prohibited and banned. Among this select company I can now hold up my head. I am troubled, however, by secret doubts.

Before planning my trip to South Africa, it crossed my mind to wonder whether I should be allowed in; humility checked me. What have I, in fact, done to the Union government? In 1947 when I was on holiday, I worked for the *Guardian* in Cape Town for two months, as a typist. The *Guardian*, like the *Daily Worker* now, was in permanent financial crisis; and that brave band of people, the finance committee, sat in almost continuous session, wondering how to pay for the next issue and muttering enviously about Moscow gold. I wrote a lot of letters for this committee.

In 1949, on my way through to England, I undeniably consorted with people since named as Communists. Some were, some were not.

Of course, since I joined the Communist Party in England I have made no secret of the fact; but the idea that M.I.5 would send warnings to South Africa of my approach seems to border on megalomania. This state of mind was ably described by a friend of mine who not only believed that the sword was mightier than the pen, but acted on it—an admirable person, he said that his chief handicap as an agitator was that at moments of crisis he could never really believe he was about to be arrested, because he was obviously right in his views and surely everyone must agree with him when it came to the point. My friend also used to say that the main fault of the Left was that we continually ascribe our own intelligence and high-mindedness to our opponents. Apropos,



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I remember that once, by a series of mischances, I spent an evening with the backroom boys of the Nationalist Party. It was a salutary experience. I still find it hard to believe that such cynical oafs can keep a whole sub-continent in thrall.

Some weeks before leaving England this time, I was visited by two people, deported from South Africa, who told me I was mad to think I should be allowed in and that I was politically very naive. Almost immediately afterwards, came another visitor, a political *émigré* of a superior kind who has for some years now been conducting a really epic fight with the Nationalists.

He said: "What's this I hear? What makes you think *you* are so dangerous that you won't be allowed in? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are on the official list of South African authors at South Africa House." It will be seen why I was in a confused state of mind when I left England.

I had worked out a really cunning plot to enter the Union: it depended on an intimate knowledge of the habits of their immigration officials. This plot was received with amusement by my friends in Salisbury, who suggested I was suffering from a persecution complex. Not for one moment do I blame them for their attitude: the atmosphere of Southern Rhodesia, in contrast with the troubled territories north and south, is one of good humour. Everybody one meets says how efficient the C.I.D. is and that nothing one does ever escapes them; but it is rather as one speaks of a benevolent uncle. And I have it on the highest possible authority that the leaders of the Africans in that country are both "pleasant and sound". No, I have no doubt that if I lived again in Salisbury, within six months I should be talking about trouble-makers and agitators with the best.

Lulled, therefore, into a state of innocence, I spent four days seeing old friends and reviving the sundowner habit before actually flying south. In the aircraft there was plenty of time for reminiscence: that first time, for instance, that I entered the Union, in 1937. . . .

The border is Mafeking, a little dorp with nothing interesting about it but its name. The train waits (or used to wait) interminably on the empty tracks, while immigration and customs officials made their leisurely way through the coaches, and pale gritty dust settled over everything. Looking out, one saw the long stretch of windows, with the two, three or four white faces at each; then at the extreme end, the single coach for "natives" packed tight with black humans; and, in between, two or three Indians or Coloured people on sufferance in the European coaches.

Outside, on the scintillating dust by the tracks, a crowd of ragged black children begged for *bonsellas*. One threw down sandwich crusts or bits of spoiled fruit and watched them dive and fight to retrieve them from the dirt.

I was sixteen. I was not, as one says, politically conscious; nor did I know the score. I knew no more, in fact, than which side my bread was buttered. But I already felt uneasy about being a member of the Herrenvolk. When the immigration official reached me, I had written on the form: *Nationality*, British, *Race*, European; and it was the first time in my life I had had to claim myself as a member of one race and disown the others. I remember distinctly that I had to suppress an impulse to write opposite *Race:* Human. Of course I *was* very young.

The immigration man had the sarcastic surliness which characterises the Afrikaans official; and he looked suspiciously at my form for a long time before saying that I was in the wrong part of the train. I did not understand him. (I forgot to mention that where the form asked: Where were you born?, I had written Persia.)

"Asiatics," said he, "have to go to the back of the train; and anyway you are prohibited from entry unless you have documents proving you conform to the immigration quota for Asians."

"But," I said, "I am not an Asiatic."

The compartment had five other females in it; skirts were visibly being drawn aside. To prove my bona fides I should, of course, have exclaimed with outraged indignation at any such idea.

"You were born in Persia?"

"Yes."

"Then you are an Asiatic. You know the penalties for filling in the form wrongly?"

This particular little imbroglio involved my being taken off the train, and escorted to an office and kept under watch while they telephoned Pretoria for a ruling.

When next I entered the Union it was 1939. Sophistication had set in in the interval, and it took me no more than five minutes to persuade the official that one could be born in a country without being its citizen. The next two times there was no trouble at all, although my political views had in the meantime become nothing less than inflammatory: in a word, I had learned to disapprove of the colour bar.

This time, two weeks ago, what happened was as follows: one gets off the plane, and sits for about fifteen minutes in a waiting-room while they check the plane list with a list, or lists, of their own. They called my name first, and took me to an office which had two tables in it. At one sat a young man being pleasant to the genuine South African citizens. At the one where they made me sit, was a man I could have sworn I had seen before. He proceeded to go through my form item by item, as follows: "You *say*, Mrs. Lessing, that, etc. . . ." From time to time he let out a disbelieving laugh and exchanged ironical looks with a fellow official who was standing by. Sure enough, when he reached that point on my form when he had to say: "You *claim* that you are British; you *say* you were born in Persia," I merely said "Yes," and sat still while he gave me a long, exasperated stare. Then he let out an angry exclamation in Afrikaans and went next door to telephone Pretoria. Ten minutes later I was informed I must leave at once. A plane was waiting and I must enter it immediately.

I did so with dignity. Since then I have been unable to make up my mind whether I should have made a scene or not. I never have believed in the efficacy of dignity.

On the plane I wanted to sit near the window, but was made to sit by myself and away from the window. I regretted infinitely that I had no accomplices hidden in the long grass by the airstrip, but, alas, I had not thought of it beforehand.

It was some time before it came home to me what an honour had been paid me. But now I am uneasy about the whole thing: suppose that I owe these attentions, not to my political views, but to the accident of my birthplace?

Mr. Donges was asked about the incident, but all he said was, "No comment".

DORIS LESSING

Fleet Street Notebook

It took a cash payment of £40,000, or thereabouts, massive publicity and a staggering display of black type across three pages to launch the memoirs of ex-chief hangman Albert Pierrepoint upon the world. Last Sunday an austere paragraph ten lines long sufficed to bring them to an end: "In view of the difficulties that have arisen in the publication of the articles by Albert Pierrepoint, the former executioner, it has been decided to discontinue the series in the *Empire News and Sunday Chronicle*." I congratulate the editor of the *Empire News* on his retreat. This is the end of one of the most discreditable episodes in sensational Sunday journalism.

Mr. Pierrepoint, I understand, spent three years on his literary labours. The fruits have lasted only three weeks. The Home Office threat of a prosecution under the Official Secrets Act has had its effect. Mr. Pierrepoint's space has been taken over by the story of Marilyn Monroe.

I find myself dispirited, however, by the attitude of a number of responsible journals including the *World's Press News* and, even more surprisingly, the *Spectator* in this matter. Their attack on the Home Office for its intervention seems to me madly misplaced. They do not—who could?—defend the taste shown by Lord Kemsley's Sunday paper in its choice of reading matter. But they apparently believe that to prevent a hangman from making a fortune out of retailing the secrets of the execution shed in a Sunday paper is an attack on the freedom of the press and a gross misuse of the Official Secrets Act. The *Spectator* went so far as to call it "Home Office blackmail," the *World's Press News* "an attempt to restrict press freedom to an unwarrantable degree." I am frankly staggered to find such views held by two journals for which I have a respect—so staggered that it seems to me desirable to take another look at the principles involved.

Defence of the Home Office is far from being my natural *métier*. I find some of the tactics it has stooped to in the hanging controversy despicable: its attitude to the press on most matters deplorable. But to suggest that the employment of the Official Secrets Act in this instance represented a threat to press freedom seems to me to indicate a muddle-headedness so deplorable as to be dangerous to the very cause it invokes. The freedom of the press does not require that newspapers should be subject to no restraint whatever on what it pleases or profits them to publish. To claim that this is the principle of press freedom is, to quote a still pertinent phrase used by the *Manchester Guardian* in a famous controversy with *The Times* more than a century ago, "to sink its position, not to exalt it."

The Official Secrets Act does not simply exist to guard military secrets. It exists because without it, or something like it, public administration could not function. If every minister were compelled to lie awake at night, brooding on what his civil servants might be jotting down about him at that very moment for subsequent profitable serialisation, government would become impossible. This is so obvious that it had not occurred to me that it needed pointing out until I read the comments of the *World's Press News* and the *Spectator* on Mr. Pierrepoint's sacred right to cash in on his official position. I hold that those judicially condemned to death have at least as much right to be defended from officials with their thoughts on a newspaper contract as they get the noose ready. So have their children. The effect upon the children of a man or woman condemned to death is bad enough in any event. I see no good reason why such chance of emotional recovery as they may possess should be further jeopardised to provide the readers of the *Empire News* with a sadistic thrill.

I am glad the Home Office took the same view

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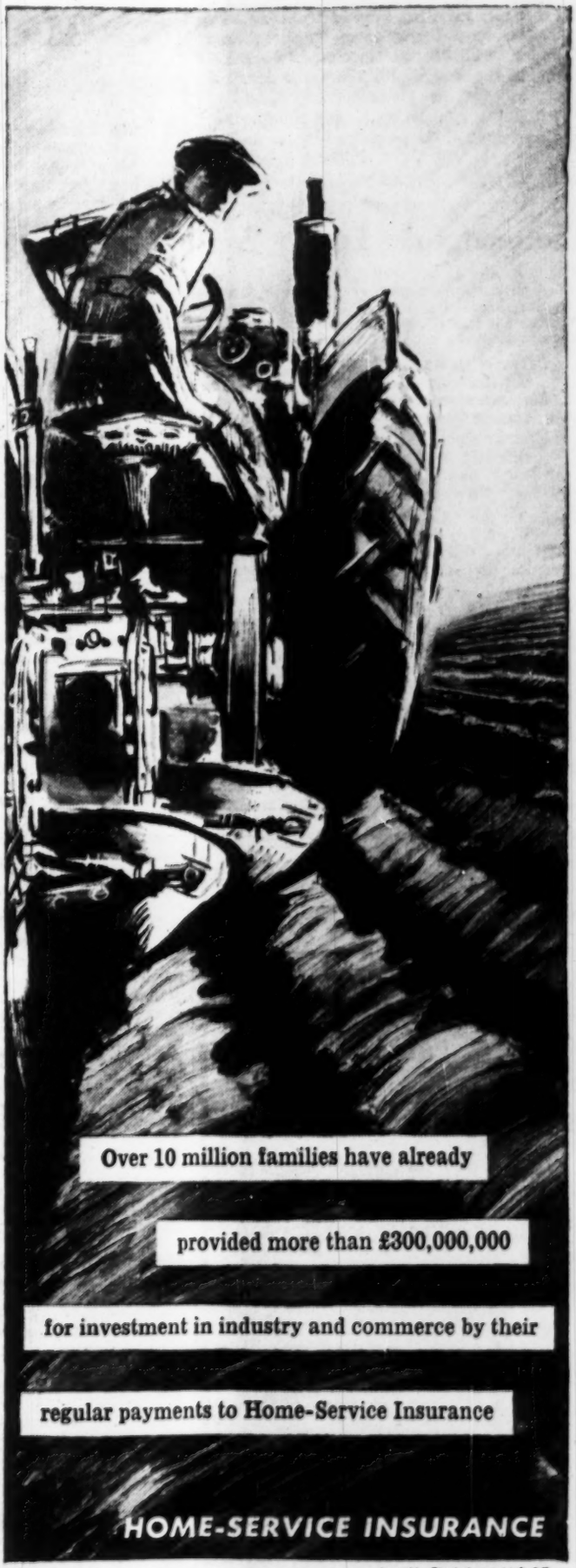
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and that this series has been brought to a sharp end. Nor have I any sympathy for whoever turns out to be £40,000 worse off as a result. I can think of plenty of suitable ways of describing the activities of Mr. Pierrepoint and the *Empire News*. But to set them up as martyrs in the cause of the freedom of the press is really too much.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Pontecorvo's Lang Awa'

[A writ, alleging infringement of patent, has been served on the Atomic Energy Authority by Philips Electrical, Ltd., who acquired the British patent of an important nuclear discovery—made by a group of scientists including Bruno Pontecorvo. *News Item.*]

Pontecorvo's lang awa',
Far frae royalties an' sich,
Mony an atom breaks in twa,
Muckle gowd wad mak him rich:
He will no' come back again,
He will no' come back again,
Mony a saxpence bides in vain—
He will no' come back again,

Sweet the sound on Harwell braes
When wee cowrin atoms split;
He'll no' fear the Alpha rays
But nae parritch mak of it.

Moscow banks are braw an' brent
Where yon cantie birkie's gane,
Aulder banks at hame hae sent
Ne'er a saxpence o'er the main.

Dree yer weird o' sin and shame,
Whaur the bonnie roubles graw—
Cannie lads wha' stayed at hame
Hae the parritch in their maw:
Ye shall no come back again—
(ad lib.)

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The Arts and Entertainment

Theatre for Youth

ANYONE concerned with the role the State should play in the theatre should certainly pay a visit to the Palace, where the *Théâtre National Populaire* is giving a three-week season. The French State, whether monarchy, dictatorship or republic, has always been generous to national cultural institutions. The old Ministry of Fine Arts no longer, alas, exists, but the flow of funds continues undiminished. The Opéra receives an annual £1,500,000, the Comédie Française nearly £500,000, and the T.N.P. £54,000. Generous? Yes; but curiously enough, the effectiveness of these three institutions seems to increase in inverse proportion to the size of the subsidies they receive. Standards have never been so low at the Opéra, distracted as it is by the political quarrel over the appointment of its new director, M. Hirsch, and the ruthless press campaign to secure the removal of its ageing ballet-director, Serge Lifar. At the Comédie Française, too, the perpetual feud between the older and younger generations of the *sociétaires*—the "Tragedians" and the "Comedians"—has reached a crisis and is now being settled in the courts. By contrast, the T.N.P., which lacks both the resources and the glamour of its elders, leads a tranquil, hard-working existence, untouched by the breath of scandal; and the credit for this must go very largely to its director, Jean Vilar.

M. Vilar, unlike the other panjandrums of the French national theatre, is a professional, an actor-producer who has spent most of his life on the road. Alone of the top people in the French theatre, he refuses to accept the monolithic dictatorship of Paris in all things cultural. He prefers provincial tours to playing in the company's permanent headquarters at the Palais de Chaillot, and many of his players are recruited direct from regional Drama Centres. The T.N.P. was established by Briand 35 years ago, but only since Vilar took over as director in 1951 has it really discharged its function: to bring classical drama to as many people, and at as low a cost, as possible. Vilar transformed and modernised the vast Palais de Chaillot, lowered prices—now ranging from 2s. to 10s.—and set himself the primary task of attracting the young. Each play is given a number of *avant-premières*, attended by youth groups at reduced prices, and during the season there are bi-weekly matinées reserved exclusively for schoolchildren and students. Patrons are encouraged to meet the actors—whose average age is only 31—at special evening parties, held on Saturdays, and there are also occasional "T.N.P. Week-ends", where, for an all-in price of 24s., young people can attend two plays, a concert, a ball, and take part in a round-table discussion with the company.

I have described all this because it helps to explain not only why Vilar manages to fill the Palais de Chaillot (which seats 2,700) pretty consistently, but also the extraordinary enthusiasm which he has succeeded in arousing among a vast, new audience of adolescents. The very real contact which exists between the players and their audiences—the sense of joint participation in the play, indeed, in the running of the company—is something which simply does not exist in Britain. (The nearest equivalent to a T.N.P. audience, I suppose, are the regular Prom-goers.) I do not suggest that anything like it can be created in Britain, because I do not, for one moment, imagine the Government would be prepared to pay the minimum subsidy such an experiment would require. But I do suggest that those seriously interested in popularising the classical theatre in Britain could learn much from Vilar's success.

Unfortunately, very little of this emerged when the T.N.P. opened last Monday with Marivaux's *Triomphe de l'Amour*. Vilar maintained his usual practice of dispensing with a front curtain, but somehow the players never achieved that exciting, intimate contact with their audience which is the T.N.P.'s principal distinction. This was, I suspect, largely due to the choice of play. Marivaux's highly artificial farce about a princess who disguises herself as a youth and not only captivates her prince but his misogynist tutor and his ageing sister as well, is little more than an interesting period-piece. Vilar set a high pace and the cast was exceptionally well drilled, but the formal elegance of Marivaux's lines never received that extra polish and precision of delivery which is vital if we are to accept the fantasies of the plot. Marie Casarès struggled bravely with the long and demanding role of Léonide, but she was plainly nervous and spoke far too rapidly for an English audience; and Vilar himself, as the woman-hater, lacked the element of grotesque comedy without which Léonide's deception seems cruel and senseless. The two comics, Daniel Sorano and Georges Wilson, redeemed much with some excellent clowning, but the piece never rose above the chill level of an Arcadian puppet-play.

I predict that the T.N.P. will be more at home in the two other plays they are presenting: Molière's early tragedy, *Don Juan*, rarely seen in this country, and Hugo's magnificent *Marie Tudor*, which he wrote soon after the tumultuous opening of *Hernani*. The company has a full repertory of 20 plays (including Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* and two Shakespeares) and the three they have brought with them are a fair and representative selection. Nevertheless, I regret their failure to include Büchner's *Mort de Danton*, which suits their style to perfection, or a play by Claudel, whose popularity among young audiences is one of the central features of the post-war French theatre.

PAUL JOHNSON

A Comedy of Characters

AT last, with *The Chalk Garden* at the Haymarket, we are offered an alternative to *Separate Tables* as a recommendation for all but the most crotchety of playgoers. Miss Enid Bagnold's new play is rich and stuffed; it abounds in character and in admirably written dialogue. Purists will probably argue that it doesn't in the last analysis quite add up; and they will be, as purists so often are, right, but irrelevant. The play has come to us via Broadway (how infinitely curious are the ways of theatre managers) where it made a great hit, and the opportunity it gives both Dame Edith Evans and Miss Peggy Ashcroft to display their special talents will ensure it an equal success here.

The household to which it introduces us is a delightfully unusual one (Dame Edith's first line as she puts her head through the sitting room window is "Are my teeth on the table?"). Mrs. St. Maugham evidently has a talent for surrounding herself with the eccentric. Upstairs her butler for forty years directs her gardening from his sick bed; downstairs her grand-daughter of sixteen is playing the juvenile delinquent in jeans; and she is abetted if not aided by the man-servant, a victim of his own conscience which cost him five years "inside" as a pacifist. At the outset Mrs. St. Maugham is proposing to increase the menagerie by the addition of a companion for her grand-daughter. This is a post which, for obvious reasons, frequently falls vacant and which Mrs. St. Maugham enjoys periodically refilling by a fresh dip into the rich possibilities of the small ad. columns. When the curtain rises the short-list candidates are seated on a little line of chairs. Two of them are frightened off by the girl before the grandmother comes in, and that leaves a square, silent, primly dressed, not quite so young woman in possession of a field which she too is

on the point of vacating. She is embroiled by the arrival of the girl's mother who has married again and who wants to take the child away, a proposal which the grandmother is to resist to the last ditch.

An admirable first act lays out this situation. An enjoyable second goes right off this line and devotes itself largely to the discovery of the identity of the mystifying companion. The solution (I am giving nothing away) is, alas, disappointingly banal, a fictional commonplace, no more; but it doesn't essentially alter the situation (perhaps less than it should), and it doesn't spoil our enjoyment of the clash of character and the ripple of comedy. The third act returns to the struggle for possession between grandmother, daughter and grand-daughter, and a dénouement is produced rather than achieved.

In short, the story and the line of development might have been a good deal better, but the rewards come to us in other ways. The dialogue is uncommonly taut and interesting, quite the best we have heard for several years; it has some of the elliptical bite of Henry James; and the people are better observed, displayed and developed than the situations. Take it as a comedy of character, and it will delight the ear with its writing which is not only witty but intuitive too about the real subject of the play, growth and the soil in which growth can or cannot take place; and then, above all, the writing gives the actors a grand chance.

The incomparable Dame Edith is at her fruitiest. Her style has the overflowing juiciness of a ripe William pear. It has been said of her that she could enchant us by simply reading the telephone directory aloud. When an author, as in this case, takes the trouble to put into her mouth words worth saying, the result is superb. Miss Ashcroft, too, has one of those parts at which she excels—the woman who has been maimed by life. The outward signs of the maiming are the awkwardness, the speech hesitation which is less than a stutter, the splay-legged walk; but Miss Ashcroft knows the secret of distilling such temperaments from within by her voice and her look. She has some lovely scenes—two gems with the delinquent daughter—and she takes them beautifully. The daughter is played by Miss Judith Stott with a sympathy and truth which quite win us. Mr. Felix Aylmer is somewhat under-parted, though he seems to enjoy relaxing there; but Mr. George Rose had a rich little role as the slightly batty manservant, and he gets every ounce out of it. Sir John Gielgud produces with his customary sensitivity and faithfulness to the text, and Mr. Reece Pemberton provides a particularly evocative set redolent of the garden outside and matching the profusion and density of the play.

The Stratford season has opened with a *Hamlet*, interesting in conception but deficient in execution, and a *Merchant of Venice*. A lovely production this, with a finely judged, tense Shylock from Mr. Emlyn Williams, and a highly elegant and witty Portia from Miss Margaret Johnston.

But I must postpone a full notice of these two until next week.

T. C. WORSLEY

Mainly Vocal

THERE have been some enterprising concerts in London this past week, containing much vocal music, a species too often neglected in our concert halls. Even the concert given by the Leppard Orchestra at the Wigmore Hall had a singer to diversify an otherwise instrumental programme; and the singer, a young contralto named Helen McKinnon, proved well worth hearing. She sang a couple of Pergolesi arias with full, clean, well-focused tone of sympathetic quality, if also with a shade more solemnity than they demand. Raymond Leppard allowed his accompaniments to these songs to become rather too heavy; but he drew warm and spirited playing from his efficient orchestra in Vivaldi, Bartok and Malcolm Arnold's pleasant Flute Concerto, the last dashingly played by Richard Adeney for whom it was written.

On Sunday night Imogen Holst's Purcell Singers gave a delightful concert at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Miss Holst has an imaginative response to the music of the remote past, which she has imparted to her group of youthful singers: they sing, not cautiously, but with infectious enthusiasm. A well-chosen medieval group made a quite startling effect of immediacy, and the choir further demonstrated their versatility in the Choral Dances from Britten's *Gloriana* and in a selection of madrigals from all over Europe, among which a brilliantly gay and flirtatious piece by Monteverdi was outstanding.

The centrepiece of the programme was a new *Requiem* by Priaulx Rainier for solo tenor and chorus. Miss Rainier has set neither Biblical nor liturgical words but a poem specially written by David Gascoyne. This is a meditation on our response to the approach of death, filled with passionate religious imagery and eloquent prayer:

> Grant us, who wait
> In the great park of crumbling monuments that is
> The World, that we may meet at last those eyes
> In which black fires burn back to white,
> With perfect clearness, and not blurred by fever's heat
> Nor in the sudden spasm of disintegrating fear
> That rends the breasts of beasts and blinds
> The blind and undefined. . . .

That quotation may illustrate both the quality of the verse and the great technical difficulty of setting it to music. The trouble is the length and complexity of the clauses. The musician has not yet been born who could find a natural musical equivalent, making sense on its own account, for a sentence so long and so involved. In Miss Rainier's setting the tenor plays roughly the role of cantor, with the chorus sometimes "responding" to him and sometimes tagging along a few bars behind with the same words. This layout complicates the composer's already difficult task, and the music tends to lapse into an isolated mood- or word-painting sometimes very striking in itself (for Miss Rainier has imagination and a subtle ear) but hardly cumulative in effect. The Purcell Singers negotiated the considerable problems posed by the work with great skill, and Peter Pears sang with very pure and finely spun tone, bringing off something of a *tour de force* in the final pages.

On Monday the B.B.C. broadcast a concert planned by the Institute of Contemporary Arts and performed by a variety of unusual ensembles under Alexander Gibson. The programme began with a salute to the last generation in Honegger's Concertino for piano (1925); unfortunately, this early flirtation with jazz had the kick fatally taken out of it by a want of rhythmic precision and energy in the playing. The remaining performances seemed very efficient. Out-and-out modernity was represented by two very short works written for a Festival of the Jeunesses Musicales by Luigi Nono and Giselher Klebe. Nono's *Liebeslied* for chorus, harp and percussion sets an elementary love-poem mainly in unison, with isolated two- or three-note phrases for voices and instruments leaping as though from one precarious foothold to another. The effect was fragmentary; and Klebe's *Scene*, for four solo violins, a group of unison *ripieno* violins and piano duet, also offered little that resembled a consecutive musical design. Both these works represented a kind of musical doodling which hopes to achieve something comparable to the fascinating nursery fantasies of Paul Klee. Malcolm Arnold attempts to a more homely brand of simplicity in his *John Clare Cantata* for chorus and piano duet, a setting of poems describing the successive seasons. This composer always has a light touch with his concoctions, but here he has surely accepted too readily the first ideas that came to hand.

Two items saved the concert from the charge of triviality. Of three Latin motets by Bernard Naylor, skilfully written for *a cappella* choir and solo quartet, the central piece (*Sequentia Paschalis*) proved to be a beautiful and original setting of an eleventh-century dialogue beside the empty Tomb; the other two were no less effective, but more conventional in feeling. Hindemith's *Hérodiade* is a curious "orchestral recitation" which follows instrumentally, syllable by syllable, Mallarmé's dramatic scene between Herodias and her old nurse. The union of (unheard) words and instrumental music, of French and German minds, may sound unpromising, but it leads in practice to some twenty minutes of music which is rich in colour, various in melodic interest and, by contrast with most of what we heard that evening, beautifully put together by an adult and ripely experienced craftsman.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

We Went On Looking

TECHNICALLY, Monday night's performance of the 1984-ish play, *One* (based on David Karp's novel), was the most ambitious dramatic production that Associated-Rediffusion, and Mr. Peter Graham Scott, have yet attempted. I happened to watch it with two Americans whose professional comments were of value: Mr. Sam Zimbalist, the distinguished movie-director, and Mr. Gore Vidal, the brilliant young novelist (now working at Elstree on a film about the Dreyfus case). Mrs. Zimbalist was also present; but she and I were suffering from a joint schizoid condition, for, besides seeing as much as possible of this play on ITV, we particularly did not want to miss Father Huddleston in *Panorama* on the BBC channel. *One* ran from 8 to 9.30 (with several "natural breaks" for commercials); *Panorama* from 8.30 to 9.15

For once, despite their usual incongruous skittishness, the commercials were welcome to all concerned. During these three-minute respites, we (and, no doubt, many other viewers whom

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the advertisers were counting on holding) were able to switch to the BBC to see how *Panorama* was getting on. I gather that the breaks were useful also to those in charge of the elaborate production of *One*, with its twelve sets.

We would be, I suppose, less easy to please than four average British (or American) viewers; and we started watching *One* in that tentative, semi-resistant mood ("Let's just look at the first few minutes and see what it's like") common in such cases. But I must admit that, except for the short time devoted to one bit of *Panorama*, we saw it through almost to the end.

They noticed at once, of course, that it was on film; then, that film alternated with live camera work. They were impressed by the smoothness of most of the transitions between film and live. "They dissolve right in," said Mr. Zimbalist. "Technically, it's very good." Sometimes, however, the fact that a shot was live was made all too obvious: a boom-shadow fell across the actors' faces. It is difficult to avoid this occasionally; but it happened too often. At one point, we were suddenly lifted to a high gallery in which a kind of Greek chorus of doctors were discussing the "heretic" whom they, and we, could see under interrogation far below; a theatrically effective device. "Brilliant!" said Mr. Vidal. "They're doing that on film on an RP screen. I've never seen that done in America, even." Mr. Zimbalist: "What d'ya mean, 'even'?" Mr. Vidal: "We invented this lousy game." Mr. Driberg: "*We* did." Mr. Vidal: "You Russians!"

In fact, I ascertained that Mr. Vidal was wrong in supposing that this striking effect had been achieved by what is called in movies a processed shot—by superimposing live on film. It was entirely live: the doctors were on a platform fifteen feet above the interrogation; and one of the cameras was about eight feet above them, and specially adjusted to shoot from this angle, tilted down, without distortion. Four cameras were used. Some of the close shots were rather static and unimaginative; there could have been quicker cutting from one camera to another.

On the whole, however, the American verdict was "Awfully good, technically." The basic defect of *One* is in its handling of a theme already used more horrifically by Orwell and by Ray Bradbury and, in other forms, by satirists from Swift to Shaw. Mr. Zimbalist expressed it, halfway through, by saying: "I can't get involved." Mr. Vidal expressed it, afterwards, by saying: "We knew it all beforehand. We knew which side we were on. There was no conflict." Unlike the Inquisitor in *Saint Joan*, the interrogator in *One* is so overdrawn and so hysterical, and his approach is, intellectually, so jejune, that the play's central situation is unconvincing. But it was not merely "boring," as some newspaper critics said; there were some good lines (such as "Somebody reported him for saying that equality was the opium of the government"); and we must surely hope that ITV will continue to aim as high as this.

We did manage to get *Panorama* just at the right moment; and, for a few desperate seconds, I was furious with the BBC. Did they *really* have to maintain a lofty impartiality, even on such an issue as *Apartheid*, by getting in a South African racialist to "balance" Father Huddleston? I soon realised that I had underestimated the producer's subtlety. Authoritatively yet courteously, with devastating charm and a fusillade of even more devastating facts and statistics, Huddleston first made his interlocutor seem a clumsy, arrogant oaf and then reduced him to stammering, abashed silence. It was like an exceptionally brilliant performance in the bull-ring, "moment of truth" and all.

Earlier the same evening, ITN gave us a brief excerpt from Father Huddleston's press conference. This would have been twice as good if twice as long—yet another illustration of the programme-companies' folly in cutting down on news.

I am not happy yet about the new Home Service series, *County Count*. With the panel it has, it ought to be better than it is. Perhaps the idea of it—a factual quiz on county accents, customs, places, etc.—is not really of national interest. Perhaps rather more contemporary social observation or criticism could be implied; even Surrey, stuffed as it is with stockbrokers and middle-class women trying to talk like Lady Barnett, was made to sound like Loamshire. But there is no "perhaps" about the intrusive noises of the studio audience—surely unnecessary in this programme?—or about the excessive cheeriness and chumminess of some of the panellists, and their inanely hearty laughter.

TOM DRIBERG

A Russian Othello

ONE thing about the New Russian—that when he visits us he will be more English than we—is curiously reflected in the season of Russian films now bursting upon us. The National Film Theatre begins next month a "Russian Panorama" on the grand scale; the Scala will have its moments for the faithful (but who now is faithful—and to what?); and various Tatlers and Classics are—if not waving hammers and sickles—seeing red. And the spearpoint of this attack is—what? Two plays of Shakespeare! Last week, well in advance, the Press saw *Othello*; this week it has been *Twelfth Night*. And it wouldn't amaze me if next week it were *Pickwick* or *Pride and Prejudice*.

Othello would be well worth seeing, without benefit of B. and K. It comes close on Welles, and owes something, in the way of upward glances and windy shores, to him. (It was made last year.) But where Welles was inspirational, noble, tattered, this Russian version employs cunning and respect. It is a very decent *Othello*. Its uses of colour, of the close-up in focus with the background, of grotesque comedy and set scenes *ambulando*, are not so much original as new in the circumstances. For example, the fishing nets employed here to enmesh Othello in jealousy have been used by Sternberg and others for their picturesque entanglement, and the end with Othello squatting in grief at the foot of Desdemona on a terrace and then the two corpses sailing out to sea, is a distinct echo of *L'Eternel Retour*. In each case the picture-making is effective. Other novelties are a Cassio much taken with Desdemona, a Roderigo half-way to a dwarf, the faces of elders, gossips, etc., which go back to the silent Russian film. Colour and landscape are both beautifully and discreetly used.

Othello is mild and mazed, Iago devilish sharp. The second can go the whole way, but the first wants that mounting rage without which *Othello* will miss its mark. Sergei Bondarchuk just doesn't take the high notes. He is so reasonable and sympathetic, neither alien nor ungovernable enough. When it comes to putting out the light, the camera is obliged to employ tricks of foreshortened hands and arc-lit eyes, while Desdemona, who has sung a bit too much, never quite bates the breath as she should. I must admit that the film was shown to us in Russian, with not a word of English.

Nevertheless, this is an *Othello*, high in the ranks of film Shakespeare, to look forward to (it opens "Russian Panorama" on May 20), whereas *Twelfth Night* is both more ordinary film fare and lets out more of the native Russ. The clown rounds it off remembering not the wind and the rain, but heroes achieving happy ends and marches to victory. There's a very charming Viola (K. Luchko, doubling Sebastian), an authentic, rather lovable Belch, pretty scenery, stagy scenes, very little poetry outside the bits of shredded Shakespeare in the sub-titles. This film will be seen at the Vogue, Stoke Newington, for the week beginning May 6th.

From these two pieces it is quite impossible to deduce anything about the recent state of the Soviet cinema. *Othello* is certainly a great deal more alert and imaginative than anything we have seen out of Russia for a long time. But no doubt "Russian Panorama," besides showing us Donskoi's version of *Mother*, will give more definite bearings.

The current film in a void week is *On the Threshold of Space*, at the Rialto, a semi-documentary of speed travel, looking towards Rocket Day. Human endurance gets its most agonising test and its highest screen thrill on the 1,000-mile-an-hour land rocket. The facts enthrall: the fiction, with a headstrong hero, a cautious commander, and an understanding girl, is what you might expect.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Looking Forward

MR. BERGER is not one to negotiate with enemies. For the last few years he has been fighting a battle for realism, with courage and skill. Now victory is in sight. Anyone else would step back at this stage and with arms akimbo take prisoners, welcome partisans, and survey the battlefield littered with the corpses of abstractionists, critics, hangers-on and snobs. But the battle is to be carried on to the end, to unconditional surrender. There was considerable justification for the polemical spirit in which his first exhibition of realists at the Whitechapel Art Gallery a few years ago was staged; then the battle was really on. But since then we have had Guttuso in London, realist exhibitions at the Beaux Arts Gallery and elsewhere, and now Nicolas de Staël, who at the height of his short life struggled out of abstraction back to nature, or back to Corot-nature and Courbet-nature, whose last works—this is a most significant

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The "Manchester Guardian" (18.8.55) wrote about last year's session:

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pointer to the taste of the 1950s—are admired most of all, and rightly. It has become a commonplace to maintain that the chief hope for visual art lies in the re-emergence of nature, in a new guise, out of the great pictorial inventions of the early twentieth century, and almost every young artist of consequence has shown signs of development along these lines. But Mr. Berger's campaign is not slackening off simply because so many are rallying to his banner. The spirit of his second exhibition of realist painters under forty, represented by about ninety pictures, drawings and lithographs, at the South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, is as combative as the first. One can picture him standing at the entrance, defiant, legs apart, fists clenched, ready to pounce on any "highfalutin' word" which seeks to reduce—I quote from his foreword to the catalogue—"the meaning of art to that of a private fantasy." He will be disappointed. His exhibition is too obviously of our time to provoke the kind of hostility he expects. In any case, he knows a good picture when he sees one, and so even those who do not take kindly to realism as a dogma must admit that the quality is by any standard on the whole high.

I hope I speak for others besides myself in expressing the view that "realism versus private fantasy" is no longer a vital issue. It is not a battlefield on which anything but the most desultory rear-guard action can be fought. Dealers, even smart ones, now clamour to exhibit realists. Mr. Berger, up in arms, will reply that most of the artists showing at Camberwell are quite unknown, that "the business of being 'recognised' is as chancy today as it has been for the last couple of centuries"—that is another fighting phrase from his foreword. I do not believe a word of it. If they are still unknown, it is either because they are not good enough yet or because they do not happen to have been spotted. It is not, as Mr. Berger seems to imply, hostility towards an attitude of mind, towards a way of viewing the world. Within a year some of the new Camberwell names will be familiar in Bond Street. They will have one-man shows. And heaven help them if they are crowned with success. Only the most robust, the exceptionally talented, can withstand this early success.

The exhibition is called "Looking Forward." But not by any means all the pictures in the show can be said to look forward in the sense that they contribute something new to art, some attitude of mind which has strength for the future. (A still vital issue is the decision as to what, within representational painting, can be called realist, and what cannot.) An excellent painter who is also a true realist is Peter de Francia, who exhibits some strident reclining nudes in the manner of Guttuso, which shriek at one across the room, but somehow he manages to keep the yells under control. Another is Leslie Duxbury, whose *Tenement Dwellers* I thought one of the outstanding pictures in the show. Its merits consist in the artist identifying himself with the harsh life represented, and having allowed this self-identification to dominate the creative act, disregarding any incidental gesture, movement or feeling betrayed on a face which fails to contribute to this harshness. A third is Peter Coker, well-known from his one-man show at Zwemmer's, who investigates the carcasses, hooks and rails in butchers' shops. He senses the weight of meat, and which way the bones go, and whether a hook can carry the carcass in the fleshy part—all this inside knowledge is relevant to the kind of monumental picture he paints. For it is not enough nowadays just to see, you have to know. He is at ease with massive shapes, and like Derrick Greaves, would make a fine fresco painter if he were ever given the chance. And there are others whose works stand out for their exciting novelty of approach and subject-matter: especially Terence Lee, who exhibits a striking composition of railway bridge, steep hill and church spires at Sheffield in a restricted, bleak range of browns and blacks, and Brian Bradshaw, who shows an uninviting road winding uphill between sad houses—in these cases also it is the

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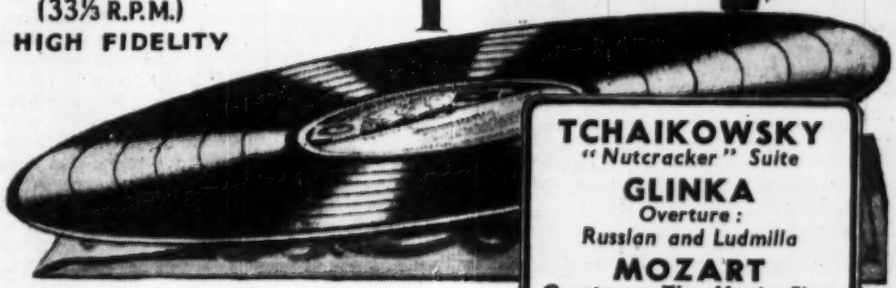

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significance attached to a given stretch of country and the kind of life the artist knows is lived there which condition the shape the picture takes, not the view that a casual visitor, ignorant of the way of life of the place, might have of it. The novelty of these pictures consists in the assumption that the objects depicted (roads, pigs, nudes, railway trains, industrial towns, chairs) retain, in art, the meaning within a social context that they held for the artist in real life. He attaches, that is to say, a moral significance to them; and the success or failure of his picture depends on the extent to which he can communicate to others the fervour he felt for the objects at the moment of re-using them on a canvas.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

"Dr. Faustus", at the Tower Theatre, Canonbury.

Is it improper to suggest that *Dr. Faustus* can be a wee bit of a bore? So much that to an Elizabethan audience of Christopher Marlowe's day was relevant, a belief in flames, in devils with forked tails, and in the alchemist's magic, are today that much dross. And because to us these parts exist not at all, the antithetical titillation of being amused by what is feared and, at the same time, fearing what is amusing us is entirely lost on us. The alert producer, aware of this, does her best to sugar the pill. At the Tavistock Repertory Company's presentation it has been decided that there are sufficient contemporary parallels to modernise the play. This works surprisingly well. After all, if we can accept devils at all, we can accept them as easily in a modern duplex apartment, and what have the fires of Hell on an H-bomb explosion? The language, splendid, rolling, rhetorical, is unaltered with the exception of the comedic interpolations. The Dr. Faustus of Richard Beale, a suitably tweed-clad professor, does rather understate Faustus' motives, but later he throws off his subdued manner and deals well, and even boldly, with the noble later part of the play. The storm-trooper Mephistophilis of William Phillips is impressive, and Thomas Carter's Lucifer, if lacking quite sufficient wile and unction, speaks well and reasonably for the forces of darkness.

The Producer deserves most credit, and Miss Eva Holterman, by such presentations as the Seven Deadly Sins as night club habitués, skilfully analogised Marlowe's play into our present-day existence.

M. C.

Correspondence

STATE SECURITY

SIR,—Despite Mr. Strauss's assurances that the White Paper on state security does not involve any departure from policy, Benn Levy's misgivings are justified. Our liberties are filched like our commonlands—by advancing the fences. What the Privy Councillors have done is to conventionalise abuses and turn expedients into principles. To a Minister who had to administer atom security it may not seem a "monstrous innovation" to establish guilt by association or consanguinity but what to him (I hope) was once a heart-searching process is justified now as a confirmed practice. He says that having a Communist grandmother is no great hazard since the White Paper's words are "an individual who is living with a wife or husband who is a Communist or Communist sympathiser may, for that reason alone have to be moved from secret work and that *the same principle should be applied in other cases of a like nature.*"

What are the forbidden degrees of consanguinity? Take a personal instance: My son, a science graduate, applied, when he left Cambridge, for a number of jobs in private industry. None, as far as he was concerned, involved secret research. His interviews and qualifications were satisfactory but his appointment always was "subject to confirmation." There were unconscionable delays and I discovered the explanation only by accident. I had spoken at a public meeting on the H-bomb—stating facts which are now entirely respectable and opinions which are shared by Earl Attlee and the Pope and which, even then, I had fully ventilated in this journal. A journalist on a local newspaper then disclosed that he had been asked by the Special Branch to provide a verbatim note of my remarks and when he asked for the reason, he was told that my son had applied for a post at the Woomera guided missile range in Australia. This last was quite untrue. None of the posts for which he had applied had been remotely concerned with any such security project. But the firms had security contracts.

Let us examine the implications: First of all I am not, never have been, and never can be a Communist. I am not a sympathiser. If my pronouncements on the H-bomb suggested that I was a "fellow-traveller," then all I can say is that the Communists travelled with me and not I with them. I was just a premature Papist or a crypto-Attleeist. But what on earth had that to do with my son? Or with any post, security or otherwise, for which he might apply? Are politics congenital? Does he inherit my dossier as he inherits my genes? George Strauss makes the special point that the Privy Councillors now give the employee in private industry the right to state his case to the advisory tribunal. How does he discover that he needs to state a case or that the underground forces of security are working against him?

That is the really damnable aspect of all this. One cannot refute what one does not know. That was why the late Lord Sankey, when he was chairman of the drafting committee of *The New Declaration of the Rights of Man* (The H. G. Wells' debate of 1940), was so violent on the subject of the secret dossier. He had tried and condemned spies in the first World War on dossier-evidence; I do not think he feared that he had condemned wrongly; it was the latent injustice which shocked him and the impress of his juridical indignation is on the passage in the Declaration: *Secret evidence is not permissible. Statements recorded in administrative dossiers shall not be used to justify the slightest infringement of personal liberty. It is merely a memorandum for administrative use; it shall not be used without proper confirmation in open court.*

George Strauss says that the decision to remove an individual from secret work does not rest with M.I.5 but with the Minister. But initial judgments are made on dossier-evidence, the sources of which the suspect has no means of challenging. And judgments are not only active but passive—not just removing someone but not employing him. I say that with some sympathy for the administrator, because I was myself involved during the war in selecting people for top-secret jobs in a secret department and know how much easier it is *not* to employ people about whom there is some suspicion—even when you know that the suspicion is ill-founded. You get a chit: "This person must not be employed by this department." You protest to the Security Officer: "But I know this chap well and . . ." Then the S.O. thumbs through the dossier, raising his eyebrows or pursing his lips and then looks at you accusingly, "How *very* interesting!" And you drop the matter hastily. Obviously there are some things you do not know about an old acquaintance and the better you claim to know him the more suspicious your associations with him will appear.

We are always assured that security "guidance" is factual and objective. But facts are relative. For instance, I have reason to know that one item in my own dossier is (or was) an account of my activities with Spanish Medical Aid. I was being "tailed" and the "fact" was reported that I left a committee meeting at the National Trade Union Club at 11 p.m. accompanied by a woman who was identified as a Communist, that I went to her flat and left two hours later. (Divorce evidence, if my shadow had been a private detective instead of a member of the Special Branch!) What the report omitted to say was that I went with ten others; that we went round for coffee and that we all left together; and that, to offset the Communist, my "chaperones" were all eminently reliable Labour types. I was being reported on; the others were not evidence. But here, in a "factual" item, was the implication of "loose-living"—and with a Communist!

In spite of that and much other inconsequential nonsense, of which I was supposed to know nothing, I was entrusted with a post of high security-rating in the Foreign Office and have no reason to believe that my loyalty or integrity was ever questioned. That, George Strauss may say, proves that common sense operates in security. But that was before an august commission of Privy Councillors affirmed as principles what were previously merely pointers.

RITCHIE CALDER.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES

SIR,—Maybe some of the middle classes feel in a dilemma as Nicholas Malleson says. If they do, then the condition of the lower middle class and the wage-earners must be intolerably desperate.

Since the war, all the same, the salaried middle class have done well out of income tax. Taking the standard family of husband, wife and two children, the £2,000-a-year earner of 1945-6 paid £776 in income tax: an effective tax of 7s 9d in the £. The same family man earning £2,000 this financial year has paid £414 in tax: an effective tax of 4s 1d in the £. The difference over the ten years is a cut in tax of £6 19s *a week*. The £700-a-year man of today saved £2 18s a week compared with ten years ago; the £1,250-a-year man has enjoyed a cut of £4 15s a week. (References: Financial Statements 1946-7, 1955-56.)

Many middle class people would ease their financial charges by (1) getting rid of their cars and (2) sending their youngsters, if they get nothing out of 11-plus, to secondary modern schools. The majority of the middle class, of course, do without cars and accept the benefit of free education. And they don't bleat.

7 Groveland Avenue, PRESTON BENSON
London, S.W.16.

BEATRICE WEBB

SIR,—"There is *no doubt*," Mr. Kingsley Martin writes, "that Sidney was second best" to Joseph Chamberlain. Is there not? *Second* he was, certainly: as, for Sidney, Beatrice was his second, if not his third or fourth love. It is true, also, that at first meeting Sidney did not appear in the glamour which decked the much older man, the distinguished politician, "the darling and master of his town," as Beatrice said of him later. Sidney could not compete—who would have expected it? He had to do his own wooing, even to reading poetry aloud in the forest. But second-*best*? I suggest, respectfully, that he was nothing of the kind, and that Mr. Martin should re-read the introduction to *Our Partnership*, written by Beatrice herself. That she was ever "deeply in love" with Chamberlain I myself doubt; she was certainly very much fascinated and deeply shocked to find that it was "intelligent servility" which he required in a wife. Even at the height of her admiration she realised that the man was a bully and for her a doubtful risk. Fortunately, as her diary shows, he exposed himself in time. Of course, she did not possess Sidney's natural tranquillity or what she calls his "robust conscience," but that would not have been hers under any circumstances, and far less if she had become Joe's third wife. (The undecipherable word is certainly not "marry"; but if Freud had been asked to study every case in which Beatrice's handwriting baffled her transcribers—and herself—he would have had a life-work!)

While I am writing, may I protest strongly against A. J. P. Taylor's insinuation—in his review of *The Second International*—that Arthur Henderson was a party boss who came to regard himself as the purpose of the party machine, like Stalin? Everyone who knew Henderson at all will know that this is entirely untrue and a shocking accusation to make.

MARGARET COLE

Hendon, N.W.4.

ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—Mr. Gerald Hamilton raises the interesting point as to the motives which finally led Casement to go to Ireland in a U-boat just before the Dublin Rising of Easter 1916. He feels that neither your able reviewer, Mr. Ralph Partridge, nor I have sufficiently stressed that the real reason for this forlorn hope of a journey was that Casement, far from wishing to take part in the Rising, wanted at all

costs to stop it, since he was by then convinced that it would fail.

I refrained from any such stressing because I am by no means convinced that, by the time he actually got to the Kerry coast, Casement still intended to halt the Rising. Casement was a bundle of contradictions and changes of mind. It is my impression that the ambivalence which was one of his outstanding characteristics governed him in this as in so much else.

In his last few weeks—hysterical weeks—in Germany, it seems as though Casement did want to call off the Rising. But, just before the U-boat was to put him ashore near Tralee, Casement wrote to the captain of the submarine. We have the record of this letter. In it, Casement went into some detail as to how the Germans might militarily back up the Rising. There is talk of seizing and holding Limerick, talk of sending U-boats up the Shannon. Failing Limerick, Tralee Bay was to be kept as "a port of call for submarines to bring us guns, etc." Is that consistent with the aims of a man who wants only to call off a rebellion which he is convinced must fail?

Later, there may have come yet another change of mind. After his arrest, Casement was held for the night at the police barracks in Tralee. While he was there he was seen and talked to at some length by two outsiders: one of them Dr. Michael Shanahan, who is still practising there, and with whom I talked while preparing my book; and Father Ryan, a Dominican priest, who is unfortunately no longer alive.

Father Ryan, according to a contemporary Dublin evening newspaper, was implored by Casement to act as a go-between with the Irish Volunteers (the rebels); and, after wrestling with his conscience, he decided to do so. Then, according to the newspaper account, Father Ryan did act in the matter, in an attempt to avoid bloodshed. But Dr. Shanahan does not at all accept this. Dr. Shanahan, at my request, courteously took the trouble to talk with the gentleman, Mr. William Mullins, who did in fact go to Dublin from Tralee after Casement's arrest. And according to Dr. Shanahan, "the only statement Casement gave to Father Ryan was the one which was conveyed to Dublin by this man Mullins. There was no question whatever about calling off the rebellion or anything else."

Anyone making a study of Casement must come to the conclusion that his moods and his plans, his hopes and fears, his likes and dislikes, were liable to change from hour to hour. It is probably charitable to say that he at some time or other did intend to try to call off the Rising. At other times he was all for it.

34 Markham Square, Chelsea, S.W.3. RENÉ MACCOLL

LEN WINCOTT

SIR,—When the Soviet leaders meet the national executive of the Labour Party, I hope they will be asked about the case of Len Wincott.

Wincott, with Fred Copeman, led the mutiny at Invergordon, in September, 1931. The 12,000 men in the fleet ceased their duties in protest against severe pay reductions (for example, ratings were to have had a 25 per cent. decrease). Len Wincott, then aboard H.M.S. *Norfolk*, was primarily responsible for drafting the manifesto of the sailors to the Admiralty. Subsequently, considerable concessions were made and a promise of no victimisation was also given. Later, however, Wincott and many others were dismissed from the Navy.

He then wrote a pamphlet on the mutiny and devoted himself to a nation-wide campaign to gather money for the dismissed sailors and their dependents. In due course, he was attracted by the Communist Party and the National Unemployed Workers' Movement, becoming an organiser in the latter.

Then, in 1934, he was given a position in the Seaman's Institute at Leningrad. Since then there has been no definite information regarding his exact whereabouts. It may well be that he is enjoying a contented life in the U.S.S.R.

However, several recent reports suggest that this is doubtful. Such a report was made at Friedland on

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October 10 last year by some former German prisoners of war on their return from the U.S.S.R., where they had been detained, for ten years, as war criminals. They gave a description of "a former seaman who settled in Leningrad in 1934, married a Russian woman, and took a post as a language teacher at a Leningrad Workers' University" (*Manchester Guardian*, October 12, 1955). The report continued that he had accepted Soviet citizenship and "was sentenced to ten years' hard labour for 'agitation against the Soviet Union.'"

We must add to this alarming information the statement made by Fred Copeman in his book, *Reason in Revolt*. He wrote of his failure to locate Wincott, while in the Soviet Union during 1938, apart from being told that his old colleague had been relieved of his position at the Leningrad Seaman's Institute.

It is imperative that we should be informed of the whereabouts of Len Wincott (who is now 49 years old) by the Soviet leaders, as apparently Harry Pollitt did not raise the matter while in Moscow recently.

150 The Chase, JOHN M. BLOOM
Wallington, Surrey.

FATHER HUDDLESTON

SIR,—To me, as an African not from South Africa, the recall of Father Huddleston is an absolute tragedy. It is more of a tragedy for the whole Christian Church and missionaries than it is for Father Huddleston.

What the apologists of the Community of the Resurrection don't seem able to grasp is that the failure of missionary work among Africans in South Africa will follow from such actions as the recall of Father Huddleston.

No one will doubt the ability of Father Huddleston to impart objective and inspirational knowledge to his new pupils. But how many of these pupils, how many people in the world today, are ready or capable of facing the evils, which Father Huddleston has so squarely faced in the throes of threats, repression and persecution in South Africa? It is no irony or exaggeration to say that today the darkest spots of what used to be the dark continent are inhabited by "white" men. In view of these facts, the wisdom and motives of the recall must for ever remain doubtful. It is certain that the recall must have been excruciating to Father Huddleston himself. Now, his school is to close down if it is not already closed. Consequently, the few African children who could have received a normal, even if only an elementary education, must have to face the profane Bantu Education Act, which provides for an education worse than none—as befits an effective instrument of that destructive scheme called *Apartheid*.

Here, Mr. McCullough's defence of what he calls the "lapses" of the Archbishop of Canterbury becomes unsavoury and irrelevant. He sees His Grace's ambivalence on the two urgent moral issues of war and racial domination inescapable because of his position *vis-à-vis* State-Church wedlock. But, the Archbishop, being no Balkan Patriarch, is under no obligation to make statements if he does not want to. For instance, His Grace went to Nyasaland to say "All men are not equal in the sight of God, but all men are equal within the love of God." Not unnaturally, the African leaders protested within the limited scope of free speech that their democracy permits. On his return His Grace said that in South Africa he found that all the races were living under constant fear. But, he went on, "the colour bar is nothing to be hysterical about." Such statements, from one who occupies one of the most responsible posts in the world, make him look like a bull in a china shop.

Jesus Christ was crucified because He would brook none of the evils, immorality and hypocrisy or ambivalence of His time. On the question of God and Mammon He was very clear. He says that we have to choose either God or Mammon—never both at the same time. It is distressing to read the Archbishop's apologist making His Grace's position more difficult by attributing his difficulties to the attempt to reconcile the worship of God and Mammon.

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THE ENGLISHNESS OF ENGLISH ART

SIR,—Mr. Berger's refreshing and uncompromising criticism of Dr. Pevsner's Reith Lectures (now published in an expanded form), is really a refreshing and uncompromising criticism of English art, and, admitting the integral connection between a society and its art, of English society. But many of us must feel that Mr. Berger disapproves and despises for the wrong reasons. A good Marxist must reject aristocratic and capitalist art *a priori*, and consequently, if he is consistent, regard Greek art and Florentine art of the great period, as at best preludes to greater things to come. But I am confident that there are others besides myself, who despise English "values," as they manifest themselves in English art, for æsthetic or empirical, rather than for metaphysical or political reasons: It is not enough to say that the English are prim about the nude, or, with Dr. Pevsner, that they are detached about styles (though the latter hovers on the brink of making this idea intelligible). The real point is that æsthetic values in general enter into the philosophy of life—at once pedestrian and puritan—which motivates the Englishman's actions, choices and behaviour, to at most an infinitesimal degree, and then only as an adornment, an addition to life—as something essentially separable from life itself.

This depressing fact explains the mediocrity of English art, both in the past and today, and it further renders Englishmen's understanding and appreciation of art largely superficial and self-conscious. As long as a society fails to incorporate passionately felt æsthetic values deep within the very fibre of its life as actually *lived*, all attempts to bring about a renaissance in the arts will be doomed to failure, and all talk about English art, no matter how subtle and learned, will amount to so much eye-wash. The Englishman's code of values—utilitarian, puritan and Philistine—does not merely mix ill with that which gives rise to great art: it is fundamentally incompatible with it.

14 Stratford Road, W.18. J. A. SPENCER

PLATO AND OXBRIDGE

SIR,—I am fascinated by Mr. Newton's letter. I long to understand it. What are the immense, the almost inconceivable, virtues of the Oxbridge School of English Literature? What are Mr. Cyril Connolly's "little games at the expense of English literature"? What is the trouble with Miss Raine's verse? What is the "atrocious London University system"? How does one "come really to terms with Dr. Leavis's *Education and the University*" (which I read with great interest once)?

I grieve that I shall probably never understand any more of this. The only chance, a slim one, is that you, sir, might give Mr. Newton, or someone knowledgeable, space for answers to my questions.

HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

Totnes, Devon.

PAMPHLETS AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,—Mr. Oldman has dispelled my doubts (based on what one of his Reading Room staff had told me) only to arouse my misgivings. *If* officials of voluntary societies happen to come across this correspondence, they may indeed mend their ways, but is it not imprudent to assume they will see it? I think it certain that if the Copyright Receipt Office continues, in general, to sit back hopefully, the national record of our remarkable tradition of voluntary action will just go on being most inadequately maintained.

Everyone realises that the Copyright Receipt Office cannot possibly keep track of everything voluntary societies publish. This is all the more reason why the Museum authorities should circularise all voluntary societies, drawing attention to the statutory obligation.

33 Sutton Avenue, Slough. GRAHAM WOOTTON

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

SIR,—As it is impossible for me to answer personally all those who have written to me as a result of my letter in last week's issue, I shall be glad if you would allow me to thank them collectively through your columns and to tell them that their letters are receiving attention.

G. D. H. COLE

THREE FINALS IN A DAY

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the item in the London Diary in which Critic, referring to me, said "he broke an Olympic record by rowing in three finals in one day." In the interests of accuracy, I should point out that I merely share with J. B. Kelly, father of Grace Kelly, the distinction of having won two gold medals at a single Olympic regatta. To imply that our crews were ever beaten when rowing in three finals in one day does less than justice to those with whom I had the honour to row at Henley Royal Regatta.

H. R. A. EDWARDS

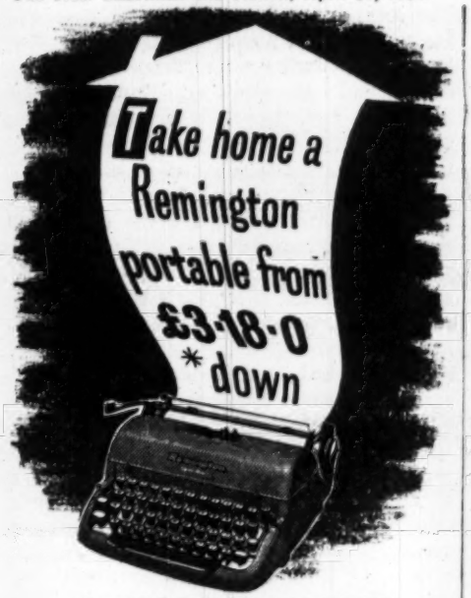
THE GENERAL STRIKE

SIR,—I am collecting material for a book about the General Strike of 1926, and I am anxious to obtain as much first-hand information as possible recounting personal experiences during the nine days of the strike. I should greatly appreciate the opportunity of seeing any diaries or notes actually made during the strike period, but I should also like to hear from anybody who has some reminiscences of the period and is prepared to put them down in a few hundred words.

It is not necessary that these accounts of personal activities should be important in themselves. I want to present a cross-section of activities during the strike in different parts of Britain, and the strike-time occupations of agricultural workers and accountants, dock workers and dentists, postmen and policemen, will all be of interest to me. All material sent to me will be carefully looked after and quickly returned.

JULIAN SYMONS

17 Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.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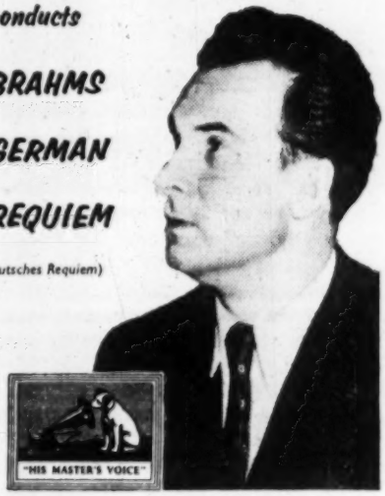

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A World of Black and White

"Hugo began life as a mature man and is only now entering on adolescence." The words of Vigny's referred to Hugo's life when he was 27, not to his work, but they come back when we read *Notre-Dame de Paris* and *Les Misérables**. There are the dreams we dream no longer, powerful frescoes without intimacy. They belong to the volcanic periods of life—so apt to return—when the unconscious erupts, when the super-ego pronounces, when the monstrous and the ideal hog or transfigure our natures, when the self is still molten and has not been hardened into unproductive habit. In Hugo, it never became hardened. He spread into journalism and epic. Content to impersonate medieval history in *Notre-Dame de Paris*, Hugo became universal history, man, justice, natural and spiritual law, the Infinite by the time he came to the 2900 pages of *Les Misérables*. It has been said that, like Balzac, he had too much confidence in his own genius. So had all the Romantics. The criticism is useless: take away excess from Hugo and the genius vanishes. One has to agree with M. André Maurois's comment, in the *Life* I was reviewing not long ago, that Hugo had by nature the gift of portraying the gigantic, the excessive, the theatrical and the panoramic, and is justified by the truth and nobility of his feelings. Our difficulty is that we can nowadays recognise, by general psychological aid and the torture chambers of contemporary history, the monstrous side of a book like *Notre-Dame de Paris*, but have disconnected it from the ideal. We can recognise horror and grotesque, and even respond to the rhetoric of darkness; we are unable to credit the rhetoric of light. We are too absorbed in the rediscovery of evil. For Hugo, the black and white artist, one could not exist without the other. He was a primitive in that respect.

In *Notre-Dame de Paris* Hugo's dreams are magnified in outline, microscopic in detail. They are true but are made magical by the enlargement of pictorial close-up, not by grandiloquent fading. Compare the treatment of the theme of the love that survives death in this book with the not dissimilar theme in *Wuthering Heights*. Catherine and Heathcliffe are eternal as the wretched wind that whines at the northern casement. They are impalpable and bound in their eternal pursuit. A more terrible and more precise fate is given by Hugo to Quasimodo after death. The hunchback's skeleton is found clasping the skeleton of the gypsy girl in the charnel house. We see it with our eyes. And his skeleton falls into dust when it is touched, in that marvellous last line of the novel. Where love is lost, it is lost even beyond the grave. The reader is made to see this finality with his own eyes. If we object that Hugo's world is rhetorical, his scepticism, irony and wit give the rhetoric earth to stand on. Quasimodo is put to the torture in a ferocious scene, but it follows a trial which is based on the stock sardonic comedy of deaf prisoner at odds with deaf judge. The novel is a romance, but its parts exist in equilibrium. Interwoven with the tragedians—Quasimodo, the girl, the lusting priest—is the pedestrian Gringoire who has been quick to make his peace with the world, like some Shakespearean clown. He grows before our eyes, as all the characters grow. Beginning as a bore, he becomes the nervous smile on the face of that practical pusillanimity which we call the common experience and the instinct to survive. (We live by our genius for hope; we survive by our talent for dispensing with it. Turning to M. Maurois's *Life* and recognising that part of Hugo's greatness lay in his efficiency in using every item of his life, we wonder if Gringoire was some malicious version of a Sainte-Beuve, for he has married the Muse platonically. He will be a critic.) "What makes you so attached to your life?" the haunted archdeacon asks him. Gringoire makes the gracious Pyrrhonian reply about the sun, flowers, birds and books and adds the sublime sentence: "And then I have the happiness of spending every day, from morning to night, in the company of a man of genius, myself. It is very pleasant."

Hugo was the impresario of a split personality. Out of the depths came the monsters created by chastity: lust, cruelty, jealousy, violence, maiming, murder, in pursuit of the innocent, the loving and the merciful. The black and white view is relieved by the courage of the priest's feckless brother and the scepticism of Grinoire, the whole is made workable by poetic and pictorial instinct. It has often been pointed out that Hugo had the eye that sees for itself. Where Balzac described things out of descriptive gluttony, so that parts of his novels are an undiscriminating buyer's catalogue; where Scott describes out of antiquarian zeal, Hugo brings things to life by implicating them with persons in the action in rapid "takes". In this sense, *Notre-Dame de Paris* was the perfect film script. Every stone plays its part. We can be sure the bells of Notre-Dame are not there merely to ring; they will act upon a life; and, in fact, they deafen Quasimodo and that deafness ruins him in the courts, saves him and ruins him in love. In *Les Misérables* we can be sure Hugo does not describe, say, the inn sign at the Thénaudiers' out of sheer love of describing inn signs; a volume later Thénaudier turns up with it, in another setting, trying to palm it off as a picture by David. Once we have caught on to this clinching habit of Hugo's, every scene springs to action. We are waiting for the magic to work. Sometimes the trick is too obvious: we know the dancing girl will find her mother, by matching her shoe. "The reader will have guessed"—a ham phrase often repeated, but therein lies half the pleasure. We *have* guessed, as we guess in magic.

More important than this, for the critic, is the fact that Hugo's simplifications of the inner life are required by a superb sense of the theatre. He works entirely within its terms. One can see where he was trained. He works by stage scenes. The scene before Notre-Dame is a stage set. He has the art of placing a situation, opposing an obstacle, creating a new situation, reversing it, doubling and redoubling. Rushing in the dark to save the gypsy in the tower of the cathedral from her attacker, Quasimodo triumphs in his strength, but when he discovers the attacker is his master, the priest, all his will and strength collapse. Yet if the priest wins that round he loses it because of the new situation; it is he, the master, who has the bitterness of being enslaved. Not merely by lust for the girl, but by the new thing—jealousy of his hunchback servant. Hugo was popular but not necessarily false because he put the obsessive and strong situations in simple theatrical terms. He is rich in dramatic irony. There is a purely stage scene where Louis IX inspects at length the construction of a wooden cage in which a prisoner is wailing for mercy. The king does not notice the prisoner because, in his avarice, he is too interested in the cost of the wood. Yet when another prisoner appeals for mercy the king lets him off out of whim. Fate rules us all, the Wheel of Fortune is a trickster. Hugo's whole method as a novelist is contained in these dramatic ironies and reversals, but he applies it in such a variety of ways and at so many levels that we do not notice the mechanics of it. In story-telling the method has the immense advantage of a delaying tactic: see the manner in which the dreadful Thénaudier in *Les Misérables* is made to reveal his adroitness, chance by chance. And if we ask ourselves whether Hugo's characters live outside the theatre, Thénaudier provides one answer. Hugo has to see them in that spotlight in order to see them truthfully at all. A typical passage of Ciceronian oratory on Thénaudier's wickedness ends with the typical epigram which contains a truth: in this wicked man there was "*quelque chose qui était hideux comme le mal et poignant comme le vrai*". The ideal world is a world of opposites; in the rhetorical evocation of it, it is the last short sentence of the harangue that makes the dramatic point and clinches the scene. Hugo never fails with that sentence. The old dying Jacobin denounces the church like an orator for pages on end and, for reply, the saintly Abbé simply kneels and says: "Give me your blessing." That is good theatre for it does not make the priest theatrical; it convinces us that he is alive. One has to admit that Hugo can overdo it. In the very next line, the old Jacobin falls back dead. That is too much. The critics who warned Hugo of his excess of originality and of his weakness for doubling his metaphors and his points, were right; at a deeper level there is the objection that a love of paradox is likely to turn into the high-flown belief that everything equals everything in the end. (Which one is pursuer, which pursued: Javert or Valjean?) But the highest moment of an art so ingeniously staged in its particulars is not metaphysics but spectacle, and it must be said that Hugo could be superbly spectacular. The attack on Notre-Dame by the army of beggars; the preparations for the execution of the gypsy girl and her escape; the scenario of Waterloo—these are all crises on the grand scale and classical masterpieces of the mass scene.

The fact that Hugo's characters are larger than

**Les Misérables*. 2 vols. Translated by Charles E. Wilbour. *Notre-Dame de Paris*. By Victor Hugo. *Dent (Everyman's Library)*. 5s. each.

life as individuals and are only life-size when they are part of a crowd—judges, soldiers, beggars, populace—does not mean, of course, that they are not individual and recognisable, or even that they are either allegorical or caricature. There are no unconvincing or sentimentalised characters in *Notre-Dame* or *Les Misérables*, as there are in Scott. (The two novelists are not really comparable; it would be more sensible to call Hugo "incurious Dostoevsky" rather than "inferior Scott". Hugo was simply too extroverted to know how morbid the sources of some of his ideas were; he merely knew that they drove his brother mad, not himself.) If *Les Misérables* is a lesser and more ambitious work than *Notre-Dame*, this is partly because it is humourless and has little comedy. But Hugo's genius was for the creation of simple and recognisable myth. The huge success of *Les Misérables* as a didactic work on behalf of the poor and oppressed is due to its poetic and myth-enlarged view of human nature—intermingled with that fundamental regard for human cunning which a popular culture seems to call for. Hugo himself called this novel "a religious work"; and it has indeed the necessary air of having been written by God in one of his more accessible and virile moods. Myth and theatre, rather than fact and dogma, are what have made Quasimodo, Valjean, Javert universal in popular esteem. It is remarkable that the eight hundred superfluous pages of digression did not wreck the book.

V. S. PRITCHETT

What Vomit Had John Keats?

Dylan Thomas in America. By JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN. *Dent.* 18*s.*

As has been remarked more than once, Dylan Thomas's death in November, 1953, caused a greater sensation than the death of any English-speaking poet since Byron. It was not only that like Byron he was as renowned for his personality as for his poetry; it was also that the two deathbeds, in Missolonghi and New York, were in their different ways so unusual, so haunted and haunting—Byron in his squalid house above the drab lagoon with his face bleeding from the leeches, Thomas in the oxygen tent in St. Vincent's Hospital with innumerable friends and non-friends peering round the door at him or bickering in the waiting room. Of this cloud of witnesses such are the discrepancies in their various accounts of the affair that some must inevitably be false witnesses. And, false or true, several of the intellectuals concerned with Thomas's death were chiefly concerned to exhibit their own emotions or to pay off old scores, to which ends they committed almost incredible crimes of bad taste, slander, and cruelty. But the American writer most closely connected with the death remains quite free from these charges; there is no doubt that John Malcolm Brinnin was a most devoted friend to Thomas, that he more than anyone else ensured that Thomas got every possible attention during his last illness, and that he suffered enormously from that illness and death. Why then did he publish this book which not only is bound to give pain to people still nearer to Thomas than he himself was but is more than likely to prejudice potential readers against the works of a writer who as a *writer* was anything but Bohemian or irresponsible?

It seems probable that he had several motives and possible that the strongest of these was the wish to remain in touch with the dead poet by

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writing about him. Thomas's magnetism was famous and Mr. Brinnin was obviously deeply and permanently affected by it, so affected that with the egotism of a person in love he not only at times becomes blind to other people's feelings but generally tends to falsify and narrow the beloved subject itself. As Thomas's widow writes in a statement printed in this book at her own request, this is a "one-sided" picture. Mr. Brinnin, who organised Thomas's lecture tours in America, patently thereby involved himself in an extraordinary amount of trouble and anxiety—but he also acquired much kudos from it and I feel that throughout this book he tends to overplay the role of martyr. It should be added that, as anyone must know who has lectured in America and as Thomas himself made hilariously clear in a famous broadcast on the subject, a poet who appears on American platforms or in their annexes, the literary cocktail parties, cannot be truly himself; to do the job properly he is *forced* to pose—but it must be remembered that this is not really *his* job, or at most it is a minor job. Though Mr. Brinnin realised this eventually, he naturally as impresario may have attached undue importance to Thomas's public appearances and so to his more public self; though Thomas enjoyed America, he certainly was not at home and therefore was not his true self there.

The whole book will naturally be of interest to Thomas's friends, though most of them, I am sure, will agree that much of it should not have been printed, at any rate not so soon after his death, and that to the general public much of it must prove disgusting, misleading or just plain boring. While I do not doubt a single one of Mr. Brinnin's facts, I do very much query his interpretation and emphasis. From the exactness of his times and places—of drinks taken and persons present—it is to be presumed that he kept a diary; it seems a pity that he did not Boswellise more of Thomas's fascinating table talk (though he does include some choice samples of this) and cut down the monotonous inventories of beers and double Scotches and the sorry stories of intimate relationships which might not be sorry if they were not thus publicised. (Who raked the garbage up? What vomit had John Keats?) Mr. Brinnin seems sometimes inconsistent; he speaks, for instance, on one page of Thomas's "*lewd* attentions to details of the female anatomy" (italics mine; the word seems amazingly inept) and on the next page describes these same attentions as being "not so much sexual aggression as a kind of puppy-dog appreciation". He possibly is handicapped in portraying his difficult sitter, first, by being an American (American intellectuals tend to take their British colleagues too literally and also, of course, use a different moral palette) and, secondly, by a somewhat limited sense of humour; he was clearly much amused by Thomas as a wit but, in contrast with many Englishmen, still more with many Welshmen, failed fully to respond to Thomas as a clown.

Mr. Brinnin is observant and in many ways intuitive and writes deftly and readably so that, while he does not, in Caitlin Thomas's phrase, portray for us "the one true Dylan Thomas," he does give us vivid glimpses both of the man's physical presence ("in the great bulky brown parka that gave him the appearance of an errant koala bear") and of his character ("the spell-like illusion of intimacy he would cast upon anyone who came near", the "seam of primal innocence"). He is very interesting when he quotes Thomas on his own work whether as creator or performer:

> I remember clearly Dylan saying that now, finally, he was determined to write only "happy poems." But that was a great trouble—it was so very much more difficult to write a poem happy in sentiment rather than tragic and still manage to have it come out believable and good.

And it is gratifying to hear of Thomas at "the honky-tonk floor shows" in Boston:

> His sense of discrimination was professional and keen, and while he could only have been appalled by much that he saw, some unjudging witness within him allowed him to be identified with the meanest and most vulgar of entertainers, so that he was happy when they succeeded and sad when they failed.

In such passages as this Thomas's great humanity does emerge and this to some extent atones for all the gossip column lapses. Mr. Brinnin can also re-create atmosphere and landscape; there is an excellent account of "a drive into the countryside of Dylan's childhood". And his attempts to analyse this baffling personality, though not necessarily convincing, are intelligent and arguable. But his intended climax, the story of the last, sad visit to America, though most moving in its presentation of Brinnin's own feelings and of the dying poet himself, is fatally marred by the introduction of other characters who, unlike the poet, are alive and therefore can be hurt by this book.

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I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail.

THOREAU, *Walden*.

A hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove:
Thoreau, who'd stripped material passion bare
Of all complexity, all guilt, still sought the rare
Spirit these creatures were the emblems of.
A classic quest. Daily the Concord woods
Followed the seasons of his busy heart.
Nature's the image of perfected art,
Poems the promise of such solitudes.

Yet always the final truth escaped him there.
Waking at dawn he'd hear a baffled voice
Vanishing down his dreams, a whispered Where,
Where, mocking his day. Scarcely awake
He'd stumble from his hut and, mid the cries
Of startled birds, plunge in the font-like lake.

J. C. HALL

Statecraft in Lilliput

Sir Robert Walpole. The Making of a Statesman. By J. H. PLUMB. *Cresset*. 30*s.*

Dr. J. H. Plumb has embarked on the first serious life of Walpole since Archdeacon Coxe published his substantial volumes in 1798. This seems surprising. Walpole was First Lord of the Treasury longer than any other man in English history; and he has been credited, though mistakenly, with the invention of the Cabinet, the party system, and the office of Prime Minister. On further reflection it is not so startling after all. The lives of Kings and even Queens are written and rewritten. Prime Ministers are neglected. Some are ignored altogether; the rest buried in ponderous 'Life and Letters'. Very few are the subject of a good modern biography. Perhaps their careers can be understood only in a frame of general political history. Or perhaps they were very dull men. Dr. Plumb's book suggests that the second explanation is the more valid.

His book has great merits. It is of substantial length—itself a rare quality nowadays. It rests on original research, particularly on Walpole's papers. These have enabled Dr. Plumb to explode the legend that Walpole saw through the South Sea Bubble or displayed great gifts of statesmanship in facing the subsequent crisis. On the contrary Walpole lost some £50,000 in the speculation, and would have lost more if he had not been absent in Norfolk, when his banker wisely disobeyed instructions. Nor did he do much to tidy up the mess: he merely displayed obstinacy in resisting the parliamentary demands for inquiry and prosecution. Apart from this, the papers tell us little that we did not know already. Where Dr. Plumb improves on his predecessors is in his understanding of the political system at the beginning of the eighteenth century. His early chapters on the structure of class and government are impeccable. On the other hand, they are rather in the air. Dr. Plumb paints in his scenery as a backcloth and then leaves it, static and suspended, while he recounts the details of Walpole's career.

This career was unredeemably dull. Dr. Plumb writes in his introduction: "the more I have come to know this great man, the stronger has my admiration grown." It is difficult to see what was great or admirable in Walpole. Dr. Plumb admits that he was greedy for money and power, a dull writer, hypocritical, treacherous, double-dealing, "a man of commonplace ideas." The only things Dr. Plumb can say in his favour are that "he was given less to humbug than the majority of this country's statesmen" and that his taste in pictures was "unrivalled among prime ministers." He was unrivalled in another way: no man has made so much money out of public service. In three years as Paymaster he netted some £60,000. We may learn from the second volume what vaster sums he collected when First Lord of the Treasury. The scale of his peculation is the only interesting thing about him. He is supposed to have been gay and entertaining, a good companion; these qualities are not revealed in his letters. Though incorrigibly dissolute, he had no interesting mistresses; probably he preferred dairymaids and servant-girls. His account-books are his only important record; and they characteristically reveal little of where his money came from, only how he spent it.

Of policy he had none, except to keep everyone quiet so that he could put his hand deeper in the public till. Like all Whigs he believed in the Bill of Rights and the Hanoverian succession—though only as a safe investment. He did nothing to further the great Whig principles of freedom and toleration; and his negligence left the Dissenters in a political half-life for another century. All he did in politics was to dance on a silken thread. He was a great House of Commons man. He sat through interminable debates; knew every parliamentary trick; never made an interesting speech or dis-

played a novel idea. Dr. Plumb is certainly on a rising market. Walpole is just the man for contemporary taste: a statesman without principles or convictions or solutions; a hardworking administrator who oiled the parliamentary machine and never worried about great causes. No doubt Mr. Gaitskell and Sir Anthony Eden will find inspiration in the story, to say nothing of their respective followers.

But no one else will. The heart sinks as Dr. Plumb embarks manfully on the dissection of yet another political intrigue. Moreover Walpole put little of this on paper; and Dr. Plumb has to make it up as he goes along—Walpole must have been thinking this; he can only have designed that, and so on. The naked pursuit of power and money is exciting enough for the participant; the reader finds it about as interesting as the memoirs of a croupier at a roulette-table. Dr. Plumb has done his best with this dreary story, but he has been anticipated by a writer of genius. Swift may have intended a satire when he wrote *Gulliver's Travels*. But it turns out that the Voyage to Lilliput contains a sober and realistic account of Walpole's career.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

'Mei Shu' and 'I Shu'

The Art and Architecture of China. By L. SICKMAN and A. SOPER. *Penguin Books*. 45*s*.

The social forces that drove a wedge between the fine and applied arts in Europe during the Quattrocento, never operated in China. European painters and sculptors wanted the same status as men of letters, and got it. In China, calligraphers and painters wanted nothing so much as to poetise and paint in peace—to please themselves, as the great Yüan landscapist Ni Tsan once said. This they were able to do because, being already men of letters, they formed the élite of the salaried civil service; other craftsmen clung to the security and social status offered by the guilds. A distinction between amateur and professional—or, if we prefer, between the *mei shu* of calligraphy and painting, and the *i shu* of the arts and crafts generally—is thus the only one we can usefully make.

Obviously Chinese art cannot be boiled down to calligraphy and painting alone. Where then do we draw the line? In *The Art and Architecture of China* Mr. Sickman writes about painting and sculpture, and Mr. Soper about architecture. But sculpture and architecture were guild crafts. In the entire history of Chinese sculpture I can think of only one record "great name"—that of the Fêng family of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—and of no more than a handful of architects clustered in the sixth century A.D. who are remembered today, and that mainly on account of their hydraulic works. If sculpture and architecture are to be admitted, why not also jade, bronze, lacquer, textiles and pottery? Mr. Sickman does in fact touch on the ritual bronzes of ancient China, some of which are modelled to represent animals and birds, and on lacquer where this is the medium of graphic decorative design. But from the art historical point of view these are art forms in their own right, each with its own internal pattern of development. It is particularly difficult to see how pottery—described by Mr. Sickman himself as "that art in which China has reigned supreme throughout the centuries"—can be left out of any book intended to cover the history of Chinese art. Calligraphy, too, is omitted.

May I add that in my opinion Chinese art history is not a study which we in the West are at present qualified to undertake? There is hardly a man in the Western world, to my knowledge, who can claim the necessary combination of an art historical training, access to materials, and the ability to handle the written Chinese language; and it is mainly because collectors like to have something said about their pieces, and because museum bequests must be looked after, that some of us have had the nerve to claim such competence. Even the great sinologists of the

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older generation—Chavannes, Pelliot, Karlgren, Waley and Yetts—leaned heavily on contemporary Chinese scholarship, and I think it about time somebody pointed this out, particularly since the opposite view has been so confidently aired by Mr. Peter Swann in a recent letter to the *Manchester Guardian*.

The present book contains little that can be called original, and much that has been said many times before. On page 6, for instance, Mr. Sickman repeats the well-worn theory of the importation of bronze-casting into China from a quarter somewhere between north-west and north. He then gets entangled with the terms "Shang" and "Shang-Yin," used to name the first proven historical dynasty. If one calls it "Shang," and not "Shang-Yin" as Yetts plausibly suggests, what justification can there be for labelling the first phase of bronze art "Shang-Yin to early Chou?" In describing the Buddhist sculpture of the "late sixth-century and Sui dynasty," Mr. Sickman rightly rejects the term "transitional period"; but since this sculpture really does manifest a change from the preceding style, as he himself admits (p. 53), why not for the sake of lucidity give it the unambiguous name "Second Phase," also fledged by Yetts? Dynastic labels are a mystification to the average reader.

Mr. Sickman has an observant eye, and his descriptions and inferences are remarkably acute, but his scholarship sometimes lets him down. One of his few excursions into Buddhist iconography is a reference to the Bodhisattvas Mahasthamaprapta and Avalokitesvara as "the usual attendants on Sakyamuni" (p. 48). This is untrue. Sakyamuni Buddha is attended either by Avalokitesvara and Maitreya, a triad representing the popular conception of Past, Present and Future Buddhas, or by Samantabhadra and Manjusri, symbolising the Buddha, the Dharma (Law) and the Sangha (Congregation).

Mr. Soper writes with his customary erudition. He, more than any scholar, has helped make the historical evolution of Far Eastern architecture intelligible to the West. Perhaps in the present essay he might have dealt more with the basic principles underlying architectural planning in China, and less with historical changes in style and construction of individual buildings. What is so fascinating is the extent to which this immemorial tradition anticipates some of the latest developments in Western architectural theory and practice. I refer to such concepts as flexibility in plan, decentralisation, expansion by aggregation of units of fixed size, use of the module, semi-permanent building fabrics, and prefabrication of parts. Again, use of wood as a structural material produces forms startlingly similar to modern Western steel frameworks. I should have liked also to have heard his views on the origin of the curved roof. On p. 256 he says: "To judge by the best evidence, T'ang eaves in the north, at least, were straight." Whereas pls. 64 and 73 reproduce Tun-huang frescoes that date from early in that dynasty and feature roofs apparently curved, or sagged, all the way from ridge-beam to eaves; pl. 42 shows a curved roof featured on a bas-relief dating from as early as the mid-sixth century A.D.

The book is adorned with 190 pages of superb plates. Perhaps it should be said that the subject of pl. 95b, the *Five Horses* scroll attributed to Li Lung-mien, probably no longer exists. From two correspondents I gather that this masterpiece of world painting was destroyed by fire.

W. Y. WILLETTS

The Other Oscar

Victorian Eton and Cambridge. By H. E. WORTHAM. *Arthur Barker.* 21*s.*

The present tends to be very severe on "characters" in the past, and Oscar Browning is an ideal target. His ego was gargantuan, his vanity preposterous, his self-importance peculiarly ornate. He was touchy and inefficient, his scholarship was negligible, and his lectures were of the kind: "Count Cavour was a charming man—I knew him well. . . ." Wherever he settled, whatever he touched, the pattern was the same: at first eager enthusiasm, self-congratulation that his merits had been recognised, then resentment and suspicions, followed by wild accusations of intrigue, conspiracy, malice and unfair treatment. This was hardly strange, because in committee he rarely refrained from dwelling on his own farsightedness and his colleagues' ineptitude. He got himself elected to clubs—his membership of the Alpine Club is a particular mystery—and rows inevitably followed. If he ever got power he was autocratic. One of the staff of a teachers' training college of which he was principal, and which was depleted through illness, begged that the burden of making weekly reports might be temporarily suspended: "Certainly not, my dear fellow. When I get your reports I feel like Napoleon reading the reports of his Marshals." His crazes were usually ludicrous and his capacity for self-deception seemed to be boundless.

Such was one side of the legend which his nephew, Mr. Wortham, had to deal with when thirty years ago he published a life of his uncle. His book was worth reprinting because it is a model in appreciation. It admits nearly everything yet sets it in perspective, it is not only amusing, but *edifying*.

Edifying because Oscar Browning occupies a tiny niche in history more important than the legend. He revolutionised the role of the pedagogue. He fought the long battle to widen the academic curriculum and enlighten minds parched by the dry routine of iambics and proses. He was the first to protest against the cult of games. But his startling innovation was to treat his pupils as equals. Victorian schoolmasters were either lofty and remote from their charges like Hawtrey or Moberly; or they ruled through fear like the grossly sarcastic Bradley, the harsh-voiced Temple or like Kennedy screaming abuse at his Sixth Form. Browning made friends with his boys. This, or indeed almost any penchant for reform, was much resented at Eton and he left with the imputation of excessive partiality for young Curzon's good looks hanging over his head.

To like good-looking young men is at any rate an incentive to know them instead of looking down upon them; and just as parents had clamoured to send their sons to his house at Eton, so his rooms at Cambridge were filled. The worldly called him a snob and no one took more pleasure in claiming friendship with Crowned Heads than he. But Browning's undergraduates were not all well-born. They were often shy, incoherent, and came from narrow non-conformist homes. He opened their minds by taking them abroad and at the university made them mix with the elegant sprigs. The sprigs he educated by puncturing their notions of Good Form; and the riotous Bohemianism of his parties disturbed the priggish ideals inculcated by the Best Schools. He made class differences evaporate in his rooms where one would find elderly politicians, foreign professors, philosophers, poor boys not in the university training to be teachers, merchant seamen and private soldiers in full regimentals. . . . He related the academy to the world but he guyed worldly values. History for him was politics enlarged and dignified: learning meant understanding rather than mastering techniques. He was a Liberator: one who frees the young from the prejudices learnt at home and school.

Henry Sidgwick has been used by certain critics as a symbol of the high-minded Cambridge which was the antithesis to O.B.'s world. Yet when Sidgwick knew that he was dying, he called for Oscar Browning. For beneath the absurdities and triviality ran an overflowing expansive kindness; sensitivity to his friends' troubles; exuberant humour often at his own expense; and distaste for bullying by his own or any other country. Mr. Wortham's claim that he was the greatest don of his generation is far-fetched. But there he stands in his tiny niche; a comical figure who helped to remove the barriers between the young and the old—a change which has had some fascinating anthropological consequences and even some moral significance.

NOEL ANNAN

Too Wide a Net

The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction. By MARIO PRAZ. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

There is an age at which the æsthetically sensitive undergraduate becomes suddenly awake to the vast riches of artistic creation that lie in store for his appreciation. He eagerly seeks for parallels between the arts and literature of one country and another, of one civilisation and another. He is passionate in his search for the origins of artistic movements and will not be confined by the narrow margins of the University Examination Schools. Music, literature, architecture, painting of every age and clime are his, free to rove as he wishes. He is liable to respond to suggestions that "architecture is frozen music" and the words "baroque" and "rococo" are as much his slaves as nouns were those of Humpty Dumpty. He throws names about and is generally somewhat pretentious and tiresome. It is a stage most promising for his future. Some serious continental scholars of the arts never seem wholly to shed the glamour of this period of life. For them it is, I think, less promising. Dr. Mario Praz is an outstanding example.

There is, of course, a great and respectable European School whose broad and international view of past civilisations has revolutionised our view of the history of the arts. The centre of this school of thought in England is the Warburg Institute. The imaginative and exact scholarship

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of the members and ex-pupils of the Warburg has enlightened and enriched innumerable aspects of the cultures of Classical, Medieval and Renaissance civilisations—I have often wished that they would continue their studies to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Dr. Mario Praz, whose famous bibliography of Seventeenth Century Imagery was published by the Warburg Institute, might seem exactly the man for the job. *The Romantic Agony* and this new work *The Hero in Eclipse* do not support this hope. *The Romantic Agony*, for all its fascinating information, was never more than a lucky dip of names and extracts for undergraduates who were going through the decadent or the symbolist phase. *The Hero in Eclipse* is unlikely even to be a lucky dip for students of the Victorian novel.

Dr. Praz has a thesis to expound. He traces the origin of the work of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Trollope to the seventeenth-century Dutch genre painters. He considers the principal contribution of the four great novelists to be their visually exact reflection of the bourgeois domestic world. Into this reflection they imported bourgeois sentiments and moralities, and, in so doing, they followed the trend of the Dutch genre painters of the seventeenth century and the French and English genre painters of the eighteenth century. This domestic approach cut them off from the Romanticism of the Continent and of Byron, and removed the Romantic hero from the scene. To describe this literary school Dr. Praz prefers the word "Biedermeyer" to bourgeois and he certainly does wonders with the term.

It is unfashionable now in literary critical circles to search for origins, but the historical school has much to commend it. I cannot feel, however, that Dr. Praz in casting a wider net for his origins of the Victorian novelists has landed a particularly profitable catch. The traditional attribution of Dickens's sources to the early nineteenth-century stage, to Fielding and Smollett; of Thackeray's sources to the eighteenth-century novelists; of George Eliot to Scott; and of Trollope to Jane Austen may not have been surprising but they were exact within their limitations. It is true, as Dr. Praz says, that Dickens lies close to Hogarth, and he does well to relate Scott and Wilkie. Once, however, the net is thrown further we get either a truth so general and obvious that it is hardly worth recording or nothing at all. The domestic interiors of Jan Steen have a caustic coarseness, those of Vermeer clarity of vision, those of Greuze sentimental didacticism. These qualities are to be found in the domestic descriptions of the Victorian novelists. English Romanticism of the Wordsworth school had these qualities, Continental Romanticism did not. Dr. Praz rightly emphasises George Eliot's debt to Wordsworth. But what real connection does this give us between the Victorian novel and the genre painters of the preceding centuries? And what help is the label "Biedermeyer"? Or, indeed, how does it lessen the link between Fielding and Smollett and the Victorians? The roots of the sentimental domesticism of Wordsworth or of the Victorians could more satisfactorily be sought through Rousseau back to Richardson and English Puritanism. Indeed Dr. Praz is driven to seeking a place for Addison. The truth is that he has cast his net so wide that on occasion he is driven to looking back to Chaucer and the medieval bourgeois writers. The difficulties that so wide a thesis lands one in are brought out most clearly by his attempt to incorporate such diverse authors as De Quincey, Macaulay and Peacock: Macaulay's "Biedermeyer" qualities are found in his simplified progressive optimism, Peacock's largely in his job as a civil servant. Even Dr. Praz is forced in the end to relegate Peacock to the eighteenth-century bourgeois school.

Much has been made of Dr. Praz's wide learning, though this will hardly excuse the failure of his thesis. It is clear that he has the knowledge of painting to be expected of a cultivated man. In the literary field he has read widely and carefully. He cites for example Mr. Katkov's fascinating article on the links between Steerforth and Stavrogin. For all that he has read, however, his judgment has remained hardened and it is this which is the core of the failure of *The Hero in Eclipse*. Dr. Praz's view of the four great Victorian novelists is that held by the critics of the 1920s. He cites Edmund Wilson, Leavis, Gordon Ray, Humphry House, but his approval goes to the views of Forster, Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey and Lord David Cecil. Now, whatever the virtues of the Bloomsbury school, sensitivity to the greatness of the Victorian novel was not one of them. They could not see beyond vulgarity and sentimentality, they could not grasp moral seriousness. They sought above all for psychological insight and they could not recognise it except in a Flaubertian model. The larger part of Dr. Praz's is devoted to a discussion of the four novelists in which all the old charges are brought out, and they are no longer sufficient. Dickens cannot be dismissed as the brilliant portrayer of London types and the sentimental creator of Dora. It will not suffice to demonstrate that Thackeray was not the cynic Charlotte Brontë thought him. George Eliot's chief interest is not her influence on Proust. It is not possible to commend Trollope as Dr. Praz does —another Twenties touch—without examining one of his most remarkable novels, *The Way We Live Now*.

ANGUS WILSON

The Englishman at Gettysburg

The Fremantle Diary. Edited by WALTER LORD. *Deutsch*. 21*s*.

From "Bull Run" Russell of *The Times* to Sir Winston Churchill, the American Civil War has fascinated many Englishmen. In political terms they have tended to view that war from the Northern side, sitting vicariously in Washington with Abraham Lincoln. Militarily, however, they have seen it largely from the Southern side. And for obvious reasons: there is always something vulgar about victory, especially when achieved so cumbersomely, against so enterprising an enemy as the Confederacy. And besides, the Lost Cause has a haunting appeal. There is today a Confederate Research Club in Portsmouth, England (not Portsmouth, Virginia, nor even Portsmouth, New Hampshire); and some years ago Sir Winston argued that if Lee had been victorious at Gettysburg almost everything subsequently might have been different, even to the point of averting European conflict in 1914. . . .

Arthur James Lyon Fremantle, a young British lieutenant-colonel (though presumably a captain in his own regiment, the Coldstream Guards), was actually present at Gettysburg. Granted leave in 1863, he entered the Confederacy via the Mexican border, and travelled northward in search of some fighting. On the way he met most of the Southern leaders, civilian and military, noting down in his diary what he thought of them and of the Confederate scene. At length he attached himself to Lee's army, then pushing into Pennsylvania. Fremantle got his battle at Gettysburg—an inconclusive, bloody battle, like so many of the war, but one that the South lost because it did not win. Lee's men retreated, Fremantle with them. His leave was almost up; crossing into Northern lines, at some risk of being shot as a spy, he made his way to New York and was soon homeward bound in a Cunarder. He published his diary at the end of 1863; this edition is the first reprint.

The new edition is a little sloppy. It has no map nor index (though it does have quite full chapter-headings); there are rather too many misspellings in Maurice Ashley's pleasant introduction; Fremantle's christian names are mixed up on the title-page, and his own mistakes in the spelling of names are not corrected in the text;

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

and the notes by Walter Lord are, to English taste, on the gabby side. But these are minor criticisms of what is a very useful reprint. Fremantle came as a military tourist who had never seen war in his ten years' service. He also came as a Southern sympathiser, like most of his class. What he saw of the Confederacy convinced him that the "destruction of such a gallant race" was unthinkable.

Nevertheless he maintained a certain detachment—he was able to remark to a Southern general at Gettysburg, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything!"—and it is the combination of emotion and reticence that makes his diary so oddly moving. At times, indeed, one wishes he were less reticent, more ready to abandon his gentlemanly code and to sum up his impressions with the cruel facility of "Bull Run" Russell. He meets Jefferson Davis, but we learn almost nothing from the encounter. Still, in his own slightly stiff, slightly puzzled, slightly affronted way (he dislikes being teased by the rank-and-file about his grey shooting-suit and his collapsible Turkish lantern), Fremantle is superior to Russell. What we get from him, uncontrived, is the great, shabby, impoverished, contemptuous, implacable South, its empty shops, its flea-ridden crowded inns, its vehement ladies, its thieving, irreverent and unkempt soldiery, its hospitable, easily expert generals. His account of Gettysburg, as a battle, is somewhat dry and scrappy. But his notes on the preliminaries and the aftermath vividly convey the atmosphere of warfare: the congestion, the tension, the sleeplessness, the way in which the battle creates itself and in a sense only acquires reality (including a name) when it is over. Though he does not say so, and would certainly have rejected the suggestion, one feels that Fremantle hates the North, when he gets there, for being so much outwardly at peace:

> The luxury and comfort of New York and Philadelphia strike one as extraordinary after having lately come from Charleston and Richmond. The greenbacks seem to be nearly as good as gold. The streets are as full as possible of well-dressed people, and are crowded with able-bodied civilians capable of bearing arms . . . *They apparently don't feel the war at all here . . .*

War, unbearable, has the curious faculty of making everything else unbearable too.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

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King and Architect?

Stonehenge. By R. J. C. ATKINSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16s.

Stonehenge has suffered for fifty years from the lack of a viable myth. Once the Druids had been let in by Aubrey and popularised by Stukeley they fairly made themselves at home with their altar-stone and slaughter-stone and the junketings at mid-summer dawn. The thin voice of authority insisting that the monument had been there a thousand years before the Druids came to England could not at first afford to say much about who had built it. It seems that Stonehenge paid a penalty to fame by being the last place chosen for a death-or-glory excavation in the Pitt Rivers tradition. When in 1919-1926 half of it was dug up ("like potatoes" as Sir Mortimer Wheeler phrased it) no consistent picture emerged. Meanwhile the newer and much less expensive methods of excavation—a limited dig designed to answer a short list of specific questions—were filling in a picture of the second millennium B.C.; so that when the time came for them to be applied to selected patches of the half that is still available at Stonehenge, the questions that had to be asked were clear. That they were so, and even more that the answers should be so probable and convincing, we owe largely to Mr. R. J. C. Atkinson, who with Professor Piggott and Dr. J. F. S. Stone began the current series of excavations in 1950.

What we now see at Stonehenge is the result of three phases of building and perhaps of one or more of deliberate destruction. Stonehenge I was initiated about 1,800 B.C. by a secondary neolithic community, an English mixture of the Windmill Hill and mesolithic cultures. It consisted of the Heel stone, a timber entrance near it, the ditch and bank, presumably a timber structure, not yet identified, at the centre, and perhaps most significantly the 56 cavities first noted by John Aubrey. The purpose of pits in ancient religion is to communicate with the *di manes*, the gods of the underworld. If the alignment of the entrance with the rising of the sun at the midsummer solstice is deliberate (which Mr. Atkinson doubts, though he allows it of the later buildings) that would account for the equivocal position of the monument; for it is evidently neither on the top of a hill nor in a valley. Seeing it again on a hazy-bright day in March I was impressed with the notion that it is at the centre of a saucer of the Plain, and nicely balanced for the worship of the gods above and the gods below.

The existence of Stonehenge II is perhaps the most important discovery of the current investigation. This double circle of 82 bluestones in a setting that was later entirely superseded was the work of one of the energetic Beaker cultures. This people came to revere the holy mountain of Prescelly as they sailed from Ireland back to Milford Haven with the earliest cargoes of metals; for it was from Prescelly that they brought the bluestones—a heroic feat of transport, though the Stonehenge they made was inferior to the temple at Avebury.

The grandeur of Stonehenge III is on another scale. Confronted with the bluestones of the earlier period (not much larger than a big Henry Moore) we readily imagine that one of them could be shifted and raised by a party of twelve men with punts, levers, ropes and sledges. The sarsens of Stonehenge III, 82 of them again, are eight or ten times larger. Hauling them 24 miles, their dressing and mortising, the raising of the enormous lintels, together with the removal of the bluestones and their resetting, were the enterprise of a rich, skilful and obedient community. The builders (*c.* 1,500 B.C.) were again a satisfactorily English hybrid, the Wessex Culture. They were barbarian cousins of the Greeks of Homeric legend—rejoicing their hearts in the panoply of battle but in fact enriched by the length and breadth of their commercial success: their blue beads came from Egypt, their amber from Scandinavia through a Bohemian market. For the organisation and supply of the building Mr. Atkinson postulates a king, and for the architecture, which is unique in northern Europe, a Minoan architect. And there beneath our eyes on stone 53, very plair indeed now that we come to look at it, is a Minoan dagger. That the king is buried in Silbury Hill is a delightful piece of myth-making; its success is guaranteed by the intellectual force of the rest of the book.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

For Indigent Faint Souls

The English Almshouse. By WALTER H. GODFREY. *Faber.* 36s.

Each age has its own typical charity, its typical social architecture. In some centuries men build convents, in others hospitals, in others schools. In seventeenth-century England they built, particularly, almshouses. How unmistakable they are, with their stone gables, their mullioned windows, their quiet village quadrangles, their unpretending baroque elegance! Not that they are invariably modest: they span the whole range of that versatile era, from the puritan simplicity of identical cottage rows by a village church to the urbane magnificence of Wren's great royal foundations at Greenwich and Chelsea or Sir William Turner's splendid quadrangular at Kirkleatham. Nor are they the exclusive property of one century: already in the fifteenth the Duchess of Suffolk was building her quadrangle almshouses, like a Flemish *béguinage*, at Ewelme, and even the nineteenth century was not so committed as is often thought to the grim doctrine of Self-Help.

Still, the seventeenth century is their great age, as it was the great age of charity in England. The Reformation, which incidentally dissolved so many medieval hospitals, had created both the institutional void and the new spirit which filled it. The communal institution went: the specialised private foundation came. Of the sixty or so almshouses mentioned by Mr. Godfrey well over half were founded between 1600 and 1700. And who were the founders? The impulse did not come from one class or one philosophy. It was the philosophy of the age, shared alike by nobleman and merchant, bishop and corporation, cavalier and puritan, king and rebel. If that impulse seems now past, let us not ascribe its passage to the victory of any class or party, but rather to a change of social need. With the Welfare State we are back in the collective society of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Walter Godfrey writes with such feeling, such warmth, such grace, that one must echo his humane sentiments. His book, which begins with an excellent account of the medieval hospital, is deeply learned, clearly written, rational and systematic in its presentation, admirably illustrated with plans and photographs. It is a model monograph, well worthy of this well-deserving subject.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

New Novels

The Lost Bay. By MANES SPERBER. *Deutsch.* 15s.

The Magnificent Enemies. By EDGAR MAASS. *Chatto & Windus.* 15s.

The Great Temptation. By HANS KADES. *Angus & Robertson.* 12s. 6d.

Manes Sperber is that old-fashioned exemplar, a humanist. No more and no less. Compassion for the spirit and the person of man is his faith. This book is his apologia. It is wonderfully well written and excellently translated. The Djoura Brigade is a group of men and women of World War II who, outraged by the horrors committed in the name of political expediency, declare war on every heresy that would elevate its half-truths above the conception of mankind as a noble creation, born in the image of God. They operate in Yugoslavia and, later, in Poland, and are called the "Djoura" Brigade after one of their number, a poet. The existence of the Brigade bewilders the enemy and infuriates those who might otherwise have been friends if only

they had been allowed to call the Djourists by some other name—Titoists, for example. In fact it is really because of this misunderstanding that the middle-aged poet is hanged; a piece of descriptive writing which is Dostoevskian in its icy, lustrated starkness. Sperber sheds every literary grace and his structure for the telling of Djoura's murder is as gaunt as the gallows itself.

The Djourists are terribly civilised. Death is an epigrammatic affair. They are witty and passionate. "A gentleman should never specialise" remarks the baroness left over from another age when told of a professor, an historian, who only knew about the fifteenth century. It is a faded remark, tritely true, yet it sums up the aims of this thoughtful band of Europeans fighting in the blood-stained orchards of Dalmatia. They would promote a full flowering of man, and not just that meanly perverted sliver of his nature required by the party systems. They don't, of course. They are scattered. They die.

"Any friend of God's is a friend of mine," declares the American lady in Kim Bennett's delightful story, *The Wink*, when the person to whom she has so kindly offered a lift confesses that he is a Sussex vicar. Not so the Likedeelers in Edgar Maas's *The Magnificent Enemies* whose motto is "Friends of God—the very best; but enemies of all the rest." The Likedeelers are a jolly crowd of marine Robin Hoods sailing such ships as the *Mad Dog* and the *Spreckled Cow* on the high seas from Hamburg to the Skaggerak. They take all, share all, yet somehow contrive to own nothing. They are fair, raw-boned and eloquent. Some have ideals, but more have a grudge. The time is early Van Eyck. The interiors, halls in Friesland, taverns in Bruges and the insides of the ships themselves are painterly and beautiful in their detail. This quality, however, so excellent for evoking the inanimate, fails a trifle when it comes to people. Hardly a spark of sexuality is struck when these large, blond, azure-eyed creatures collide with their ladies. Nor is their frequent slaughter so sanguinary that we blanch. The book ends, uniquely so far as I know, with a mass beheading, conducted without rancour and with the minimum of pain.

The wealthy, dressy man who approaches the near-destitute Gerbrand in the seedy West German café, does so with unquestionable gratitude. Is not this the young "doctor" who once saved his life by means of a most remarkable operation, long years since, on the Russian front? Herr Rochwald, who was then so near to being just a scrap more humus before the gates of Kharkov, is now the *Landrat* and a most important person. He makes Gerbrand, who has no qualifications whatsoever, the Deputy Chief of Staff of a great hospital. Gerbrand hesitates at first; for him it is the great temptation, and the title and theme of Herr Kades's novel. Gerbrand's huge practical experience during the war and later, in a Russian camp, stand him in good stead. The two-year student takes up his high duties and works like a Trojan, and since he is a natural with the knife, the results are dazzling. But if one needs anonymity, it is essential to be humdrum. Fame gives no shade. Folk talk, not least about their operations. Gerbrand cowers in the theatre, praying that he won't be found out. But a particularly splendid Trendelburger trails behind it an unhideable glory. Gerbrand is news, is fêted—then discovered; unmasked, so to speak.

Some of the story is rather whispery. The *Landrat* remains an enigmatic figure. There is a good study of poor Doctor Nancken, who is sixty-six and past it. "They say that by the time he's done a Cæsarean, the patient is pregnant again." Is that too much for you? You may think it is, but you will be wrong. With its diastolics, its appendectomies and its subperiostial resectings, *The Great Temptation* is like discovering a copy of Gray's *Anatomy* in the attic when one is fifteen. It is Herr Kades's clever use of medical esoterism, rather than his character drawing, which makes his book so extraordinarily readable.

RONALD BLYTHE

Shorter Reviews

Modern Science and Christian Belief By ARTHUR F. SMETHURST. *Nisbet.* 21s.

Canon Smethurst, Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral, is both a churchman and a trained scientist, and he tackles an old problem with goodwill for both sides. He rejects existentialism and logical positivism as antirational. Like some modern leaders of science, whom he quotes at length, he is sure that the plain man's approach is best; science itself is based on Christian foundations, or at least is not incompatible with Christian beliefs. The scientific assumption that the universe is intelligible comes, he says, from Christian monotheism (why not from stoicism?). The humility and unselfishness of the research scientist are Christian virtues. Energy, according to the physicist the ultimate constituent of the universe, is what the Christian calls "the power of the Holy Spirit." Certain Christian doctrines (creation *ex nihilo*, the resurrection of the body, the existence of the devil) are confirmed by science. Some miracles he rejects as folk-tales; others he explains on natural grounds; but the Virgin Birth and Resurrection of Jesus are so well attested, he says, that they satisfy the scientist's demand for factual proof. Christ himself "clearly and distinctly claimed to be God, and submitted this claim to the experimental proof of the Resurrection." As for the Trinity, "the facts are there and compel us to recognise the existence of three Persons in one God."

Dr. Smethurst is learned in science and is eager to press its claims. He is willing to re-think Christian beliefs in scientific terms, though he points out that the Apostles' and Nicene creeds have stood up to many centuries of use and criticism. But is his Christianity sound? He uses the word "Christian" as if it always meant the same thing; the pioneers of science, he says, were "Christians" and "believers." Chistianity is partly hebraic, partly hellenic in origin, and the emphasis shifts century by century. His own theology is hellenic: he speaks of incarnation, not atonement, and evil spirits, not sin, and he frequently

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PITMAN

Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

describes the Holy Spirit as the animating principle of the universe, which is hardly the New Testament doctrine. His book is welcome as an effort at comprehension, but it does not settle the problem.

H. L. S.

Enchanting Bellamy. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

London actresses in the eighteenth century were accustomed to lead irregular lives without thereby hampering their careers; and the audiences at Drury Lane and Covent Garden thought none the worse of the enchanting Mrs. Bellamy because she lived in open concubinage with three gentlemen in succession and bore them three illegitimate children. In those days such liaisons were common enough in the profession, and Mrs. Bellamy continued to enjoy the society of the highest rank and fashion off the stage with very slight damage to her reputation on account of the number of her bastards and her lovers. On the stage for twenty years her youth, beauty and charm made up for any deficiency in her talent, and she was a popular favourite until middle-age revealed the sad fact that she had never been a great actress.

The close of her life was a miserable struggle against poverty and ill-health. Shortly before she died, in a desperate attempt to raise money, she published her autobiography in six volumes. If she had not done so, Mr. Hartmann would never have been able to produce this work of pious scholarship devoted to an ungrateful task. For, whenever Mrs. Bellamy's memory of past events can be tested, it has been proved to be wildly inaccurate. One cannot believe a word she says. And even if her stories were true they would hardly interest us. The plaudits to a pretty face in a forgotten play are too ephemeral to endure in print. Mr. Hartmann has done the best he can by this bygone beauty, but he cannot recall her evanescent charm; even her portraits look tame and insipid. Whereas the evidence of her extravagance survives the passage of time only too well; and we are likely to remember Mrs. Bellamy, if at all, not as a dazzling actress but as a dreary, defaulting debtor.

R. P.

City Lights

Mr. Macmillan's Mouse

The best way to get a reputation with the newspaper columnists for originality and imagination is to take their suggestions. Mr. Macmillan's budget is very much as expected—an overall balance, concessions here nicely offset by new taxes there, something for the middle classes, something to stimulate saving, and a generally glossy air. The City's first reaction was one of mild satisfaction; grumbling about the further increase in profits tax was limited by the thought that its immediate effect may be limited and that it could have been much worse. But it soon became clear that the budget has really made very little difference; the stock market outlook is as obscure as it was before.

* * *

The new steps to help National Savings will obviously produce some effect. Defence Bonds and National Savings Certificates are now investments as attractive as any in the market, and a certain amount of switching is sure to take place. But although this will reinforce the effect of the credit squeeze, and possibly embarrass the institutions which lose funds (unless they raise their borrowing rates), its economic effect may be small. The switching will be a once-for-all business. The main direction of the flow of savings will be only slightly affected, and the level of savings will not necessarily be affected at all.

The decision to grant tax-relief on the pension premiums of the self-employed may be considerably more important in the long run. To get the tax relief, people will have to save—though, again, it is impossible to tell how much of this will be genuine new saving and how much will be merely transferred. There will certainly be a sizeable increase in the premium income of the life assurance companies, and insurance shares have risen sharply this week (both before the budget and after it).

The interesting question, from a stock market point of view, is how large the increase in the life funds is likely to be. An estimated cost to the Exchequer in a full year of £30-50m suggests that it might be very large indeed in relation to a current premium income of about £350m; but much of the estimate may relate to existing annuities, and the average tax-rate of the self-employed is surprisingly low. Even if the increase amounts to no more than, say, 10 per cent., however, its effect on the stock market could be considerable. Part at least of the new money will go into industrial equities, and good stock is still scarce. It was institutional buying, largely by the insurance companies, which brought on the 1953-4 bull market.

* * *

The interesting part of the budget speech was concerned with monetary policy. There were hints enough that Mr. Macmillan intends to do some thinking and produce a plan, but nothing particularly concrete. The decision to finance the capital needs of the nationalised industries from the Exchequer has been taken to leave the Treasury room for manœuvre in its management of the gilt-edged market. Bank overdrafts for electricity and gas had reached £90m by the end of March, and more issues would have been inevitable within the next couple of months, interfering not only with the £800m maturity which has to be dealt with by August, but with any general funding operation that may be in the air later on. The funding theme, in fact, appeared in several parts of the speech, though it may be a medium-term rather than an immediate objective.

The question of variable bank liquidity ratios has apparently been settled. Mr. Macmillan has pointed out that the banks, in deciding the appropriate level to adopt, would naturally listen to the suggestions of the Governor of the Bank of England, that co-operation is often better than compulsion, but that official suggestions could be given statutory force under existing legislation if necessary. We seem to have got, in fact, just what the *Banker* feared we might get—control, but in private.

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Result of No. 1,361

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The usual prizes are offered for the first verse, or Envoi, of a Ballade of Spring Fever.

Report

Ab aestatis foribus
Amor nos salutat
humus picta floribus
faciem commutat . . .

Like the anonymous monk in Miss Helen Waddell's anthology, competitors responded to the Challenge of Spring with a welcome stir of the blood. There were, of course, the pessimists like R. J. P. Hewison, the hysterical punners on Grace and Rainier (Vera Telfer, Ethel Talbot Schaffauer), the interminable variants on Masefield's *Sea Fever*. All such were eliminated at once. But for the most part, the heart of the entry was sound. Two guineas each to Silvia Tatham, H. S. Mackintosh and Annie Allen;

and half-a-guinea each to Leslie Johnson, E. B. C. Jones and Nancy Gunter. Runners-up: Audrey L. Laski, Frank Dunnill, Eileen M. Haggitt, Jim Parrott, " Pibwob," G. W. Vaughan-Hughes and H. A. C. Evans.

Of all the Fevers that attack us
As Scarlet, Yellow, Hay, Malaria,
Fever of Baccarat of Bacchus,
Fever of Opera, Ballet, Aria,
Fever of Travel, to Kaffraria,
Klondyke or Chile or Peking,
Beware—but of this one be warier
Beware the Fever of the Spring.

Envoi

Prince, you of Fevers should be charier,
Of all the ills that life may bring
Beware—but of this one be warier
Beware the Fever of the Spring.

SILVIA TATHAM

The madness strikes in April, ends in May
Each boy imagining he's a sheikh (or shaikh)
Each girl believes her name is Désirée:
Febrile and foolish, all their senses ache.
My hands aren't clammy like a slice of hake:
The brows of others are bedewed—not *mine!*
I do not want to jump into a lake:
My temperature is only 99.

H. S. MACKINTOSH

Ballade à une dame d'aujourd'hui

Diane, grande est ma tendresse,
Folâtre, tu me fuis mignonne,
Mon ange, telle est mon ivresse
J'ai peur que tu ne m'abandonnes
Alors le glas dans mon coeur sonne.
Mais quand la lune resplendit
Darde ta flèche, et je frissonne.
Déesse aie pitié je te prie.

ANNIE ALLEN

My wife has bought an Airedale pup,
A necklace and an evening gown.
She knows I cannot settle up,
And yet she will not settle down.
His wife is just the same, says Brown.
The sight of anything in bud
Sends her careering off to town.
It must be something in the blood.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Envoi

Goddess of gadget and machine
To whom the plastic-lovers pray,
Whose might " brings up the 8.15 "—
My lighter will not work today.

E. B. C. JONES

Envoi

Cuckoo! I am, I'm going crazy,
The Primrose Path to Bedlam's near,
I've stroked a lamb, I've plucked a daisy,
I get Spring Fever every year!

NANCY GUNTER

The Chess Board

No. 336. Alekhine's Last Laugh

It was just about ten years ago that Alexander Alekhine (at the age of 53) came to his untimely end. He had a very grim time those last few months and nothing much to please him, except perhaps the very last of his recorded games, played at Tenerife in December 1945.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(11) P-K5	Q-B4
(2) P-Q4	P x P	(12) R-B1	Q-R4
(3) P-QB3	P x P	(13) P-QR3	B x P
(4) Kt x P	B-Kt5	(14) P x B	P-QB3
(5) B-QB4	Q-K2?	(15) Kt-K7 ch	K-R1
(6) Kt-K2	Kt-KB3	(16) Q-Q6	Q-Q1
(7) O-O	O-O	(17) Kt-Q4	P-QKt3
(8) B-KKt5	Q-K4	(18) R-B3	P-QB4
(9) B x Kt	Q x B	(19) Kt(4)-B5	B-R3
(10) Kt-Q5	Q-Q3	(20) Q-KKt6!!	resigns

The last coup is remindful of a famous one of Marshall's. The game, incidentally, was played in a blindfold performance, just like this one, played nearly thirty years earlier, at Tarnopol 1916.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(9) KKt-B3	P-QKt3
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(10) B-Q3	B-Kt2?
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(11) O-O	R-K1
(4) P x P	Kt x P?	(12) P-B4	Kt-KB3
(5) Kt-K4!	P-KB4?	(13) B-B4	QKt-Q2
(6) Kt-Kt5	B-K2	(14) Q-K2	P-B4?
(7) Kt(5)-B3	P-B3?	(15) Kt-B7!!	K x Kt
(8) Kt-K5	O-O	(16) Q x P ch!!	resigns

Alekhine was undoubtedly the most prolific chess master of all times. From 1908 (aged 16) to 1945 he played in 71 tournaments, winning 35 undivided 1st prizes and eight times sharing 1st and 2nd. Moreover he played nine matches (five of them with the world championship at stake), and all but one of those matches (totalling 174 games) he won. He was an indefatigable analyst and one of the soundest and most thorough annotators of his time. The debt we owe him for enriching opening theory is incalculable. His style was remarkable for aggressiveness no less than for depth and soundness. Here is a game he won against Keres in 1942, significant for the way he let the tension grow and punished some small inaccuracies, such as an unjustified sortie on the Q-wing.

(1) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(17) QP x P	P x P
(2) P-B4	P-QKt3	(18) P-Kt5	P-QR3?
(3) P-Q4	B-Kt2	(19) P-QR4	P x P
(4) P-KKt3	P-K3	(20) P x P	Q-R7?
(5) B-Kt2	B-K2	(21) Kt(5)-B4!	Q-R1
(6) O-O	O-O	(22) B x Kt!	P x B
(7) P-QKt3	P-Q4	(23) P-Kt6	R-B3
(8) Kt-K5	P-B3	(24) P-K5	R x P
(9) B-Kt2	QKt-Q2	(25) Kt x R	Kt x K
(10) Kt-Q2	R-B1	(26) B x B	Q x B
(11) R-B1	P-B4	(27) P x P	B x P
(12) P-K3!	R-B2	(28) Kt-K4	B-K2
(13) Q-K2	Q-R1?(Q-Kt1!)	(29) Q-Kt4 ch	K-R1
(14) P x QP!	KtxP?(KPxP!)	(30) Q-B4!	B-B1
(15) P-K4!	Kt(4)-B3	(31) Kt x P	Q-B2
(16) P-QKt4!	R(1)-B1	(32) Kt x P	resigns

A: Alekhine 1913

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Alekhine announced a very pretty mate in 10. How did he live up to it? **B** and **C** (by Alekhine's favourite composer) are both wins and no bargains at 6 and 7 points. As for **B** it might be a helpful hint that (since the K must stick to his Ps) the main variation is a mate in 8. Usual prizes. Entries by April 30.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1940

C: Leonid Kubbel 1935

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 333 Set on March 31

A: White mustn't win any pieces, his only drawing chance being the perpetual checks at c8, c3 and h3. Once he starts winning pieces he is lost after (1) Q x B ch, R-Kt1, (2) Q x QKt ch, R-Kt7 ch! etc.

B: K on h4 and mated by (1) P-Q4, followed by Q-Q3 or P-K4 respectively.

C: (1) P-B6, P x P, (2) Kt-B5, P x P, (3) R-R3, P-Kt5, (4) Kt-Kt3, P x R, (5) B-Kt2, P x B mate.

D: (1) Q-Kt4, K-R2, (2) B-Kt1 ch, K-R1, (3) K-B2 ch, K-R2, (4) K-B3 ch, K-R1, (5) K-Q3 ch, K-R2, (6) K-Q4 ch, K-R1, (7) K-K4 ch, K-R2, (8) K-K5 ch, K-R1, (9) K-B5 ch, K-R2, (10) K-B6 ch, K-R1, (11) Kt-Q6, P x Kt, (12) B-Kt6, P-Q4, (13) Q-K6, P-Q5, (14) B x P, P-Kt5 mate.

E: (1) R-KKt7, Q x R (best) (2) Kt x P ch, K-Q2, (3) Kt x Q, K-B3, (4) Kt-K6! B-R6, (5) Kt-Q4 ch! K x P, (6) K-R4, B-Kt5, (7) Kt-B3!, K-B5, (8) Kt-K5 ch, K-B6 (B4), (9) Kt-B6 (Q3) ch, etc.

If (1) . . . Q-K1, (2) Kt-B7 ch, etc.

If (3) . . . B-Kt7, (4) K-Kt5, K-B1, (5) K-B6, B-K4, (6) K-Q5, B-Kt7, (7) K-Q6, B-B6, (8) Kt-B5! etc.

If (4) . . . B-K6, (5) K-Kt4, Q-Q4, (6) Kt-B7 ch, K-B3, (7) Kt-R6, etc.

If (4) . . . B-Q7 ch, (5) K-R4, K-Q4, (6) Kt-Q4! etc.

F: (1) P-B7 ch, K-R2, (2) R-R6 ch, K-Kt2, (3) B-B3 ch! P x B, (4) P—Q ch, K x Q, (5) R-KKt6! Q-R4, (6) R-Kt5, Q-R3, (7) R-Kt6, etc.

If (1) . . . K-Kt4, (2) B-K2 ch, K-Kt5, (3) R-Q4 ch, K-Kt6 R-Q3 ch, etc.

If (1) . . . K-Kt2, (2) P=Q ch, K x Q, (3) B x P ch, K-Kt1 (4) R-Q8 ch, K-B2, (5) R-Q7 ch, etc.

If (1) . . . K-R4 (2) R-R6 ch, etc., if (6) . . . P-B7, (7) R-Kt8 ch, K-Q2, (8) R-Kt7 ch, K-K3, (9) R-Kt6 ch, K-B4, (10) R-B6 ch! K-K5, (11) R x P ch, K-K6, (12) R-K4 ch, K-Q7, (13) R-K2 ch, K-Q8, (14) R-Q2 ch, K-K8, (15) R-K2 ch! etc.

Prizes shared by R. A. Barclay-Smith, D. E. Cohen, J. R Harman, M. Rumney. Last week's undistributed prizes are allocated to a special consolation prize shared by Gerald Abrahams, G. S. Fisher, C. Mitchell, G Roblin, C. Sandberg. Each of them dropped a point or two (mostly on **A**).

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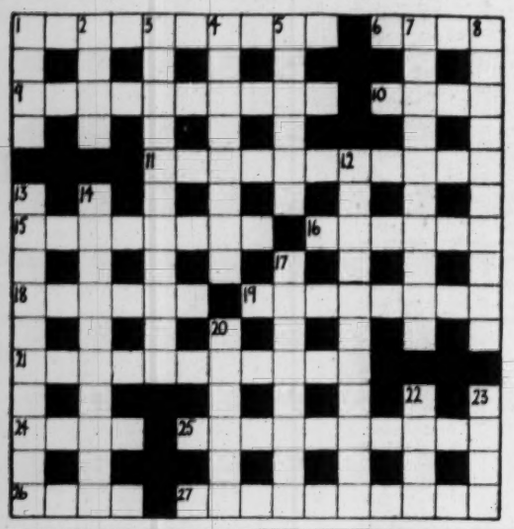


ACROSS

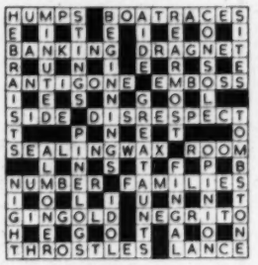
1. Enthusiasm to kindle adoption of Athenian ways, by the sound of it (10).
6. Note for a child (4).
9. They help each other to record the waves (10).
10. Pip's lady companion (4).
11. Makes a mistake about transport for a weapon (11).
15. Perhaps deeper science takes the most important place (8).
16. Broadcaster who sounds like a hitch (6).
18. A boy holds it back for a wash (6).
19. Went and made good (8).
21. Waterman who is a public-house gamester reformed (11).
24. So this is pickled (4).
25. The cloth is for the fool as well as the prophet (10).
26. Run for the line (4).
27. Political aspirants are honest at first but they ruin the seat afterwards (10).

DOWN

1. Tried the material (4).
2. A snake in the bracken again (4).
3. It is annoying when there is money in the book (11).
4. Those preserved about last are refined (8).
5. Go on foot, or by transport if there is no street (6).
7. Some food turns up in place of something missing from the food baskets—sausages in fact (10).
8. Goes beyond, but without me the train may be understood to finish at the termini (10).
12. Is stranded, having to organise a kind of light up with matches (4, 7).
13. Held by magic, having a short time to jump (10).
14. We, a more serious society, want no orientals here (10).
17. Stared round the street and caused a nuisance (8).
20. See 22 (6).
22. *Joseph Andrews* was one on 20 (4).
23. Incomplete circles, like the country folk without her (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 193



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 193

M. B. Harrison (Cambridge), I. G. Anderson (Glasgow), W. S. Holdsworth (Halifax)

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Birmingham will award a number of scholarships to graduates or to those who are graduating this summer for research in the field of Commerce and the Social Sciences, leading to higher degrees. Applications should be made before June 15, 1956, to the Dean of the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, the University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

2 or 4 scholarships in well-known boarding school offered to promising boys or girls with 2 or 3 "A" Level Arts subjects to work for "A" Level Science subjects (1 or 2-year courses) by industrial firm wishing to support the Government's drive for first-class scientists. Box 3643.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MONTHLY Review.—An independent Socialist magazine. Discusses with clarity and simplicity of style the development of socialism all over the world. Edited in New York by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Annual subscription 25s. London Representative, P. B. Price, 48 Balcombe Street, N.W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Send p.c. for free copy of "Monthly Record" & dets. of Soc.

ENGLISH Illustrated is the International Journal of Practical English. Read in over 60 countries. Send it to foreign friends with a limited vocabulary! 8s. p.a. P.O. Box 113, 60 Market Street, Watford, Herts.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1. Tel. MOU. 1482.

HISTORIC Houses & Castles open to the public, revised 1956 edition. Illus. Guide to over 300 Houses, Castles & Gardens. Opening times, admission charges, catering facilities & map. Companion volume, "Museums & Galleries," listing 650 collections with a comprehensive subject index. Each 3s. post free. Index Publishers, Ltd., 69 Victoria St., S.W.1.

ATOMIC Power and Automation will inevitably change the pattern of our lives. In important special April number of Marxist Quarterly, J. D. Bernal and other leading authorities analyse the problems inherent in new developments of technique. 2s. 6d. from all booksellers or Central Books, 2 Parton St., Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

"SEXUAL Adjustment in Marriage." An up-to-date and complete account of sexual matters by Dr. Henry Olsen. Copies of this book may be obtained "on approval" for seven days, price 21s. 9d., from W. J. Bryce, Ltd., 41 Museum Street, W.C.1.

ALDERMAN Fred Henderson on his 90th birthday writes on "British Labour & the Soviet Union." Sancho Panza writes his satire, "N.A.T.O.—Fact or Fiction?" on the 7th anniversary of the Atlantic Pact. R. Palme Dutt on "The Vision Splendid." All in the April "Labour Monthly," from all agents 1s. 6d. Or by a half-year postal sub. 9s. from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, has now added Russian to its "Typical Conversations" in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. 16s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. 3d., Dept. NS., The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

CONTINENTAL Holidays. Maps and Guides for Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain, etc. List on application. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd., 10 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Inform. & literature from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage, Crewkerne, Somerset.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

WTD. Borkenau, Bukharin, Rosenberg, James, Trotsky; bks./pamps. Box 3178.

WE buy libraries, review copies, Penguins, "book-clubs," books, pamphlets any language on Socialism, C.I., Russia. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Wr. for lists. Silverdale, 47, Bank St., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

AMERICAN bookdealer will purchase secondhand books on Economics, Labour, Politics and Social Sciences. Top prices paid. Write full details to Box 3845.

WHERE TO STAY & RESTAURANTS

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 6½gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing Cross. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, for happy holidays. Surrounded by lovely Lakeland scenery. Good food. Broch.: Anne Horner, Tel. 508.

C'WLL. Seafront mid-prom. B/b. 10s. 6d. & 12s. 6d. Steen 4 Marine Terr. Penzance.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Good food, comfort and warmth. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

NEAR Penzance, 2 mls. superb beach, lge. guest hse., children welc. Write Ye Olde Vicarage, St. Hilary, Penzance, Cornwall.

PORLOCK, Halsecombe Hse, betn. Exmoor & sea; friendly guest-hse. Ample well-cooked country fare. Garage, stabling, personal attention. Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Holmes.

C'WLL. Port Isaac (picturesque fishg. vill.) Carnhaven Guest Hse. (286) unobstructed sea view, H. & C., Slumberlands, exc. food, comf. g'teed. Farm prod. 6-8gns. Broch.

EARLY holidays. Special terms till Whit. at this small, friendly hotel in "Britain's Best Climate." Rec. by rdrs. Vegetarian if desired. 5½-8gns. (inexpensive twin-bedded rooms), fully inclsve. Cen. htg. everywhere when cool. Slumberlands. Illus. brochures. Facing Sth. betwn. Pier & Sun-Lnge., orchestra. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Also booking for Summer, 6-9gns. Early booking advised. Telephone: Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

KENWYN, 29 West Cromwell Road, Earls Court, S.W.5. Convenient all parts. B. & b. 16s. 6d. (30s. double). FRE. 1000.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, centrally heated rooms, tasteful atmosphere. 8 & 9gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall, Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position sunny S. Cornish coast. Quiet comf.; home cooking; AA rec.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne line.) Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanrwst 166.

C'WALL. Farm hse. nr. sea, May/June. Cargeeg, Manor Farm, Botallack, St. Just.

DEVON, Guest hse. 3 acres grnds. Peaceful yet cent. Packed lunches. Own prod. From 5gns. Hayman, Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accom. for the country-lover. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

DEVON, South. 16th-century Guest House o'lkg. sea. Beautifully furn. & fully modernised. Excel. cuisine. Personal attention. Brochure: Glen Cottage, Strete.

CORNWALL. "Cliffside," Port Isaac, Tel. 285. Homely guest hse. facing sea. Farm prod., every comf., excel. catering. 5½-6½gns.

WEST Bay, Dorset, 2 dble. rms., every conv., 1 min. sea. Dinner, bed & bkfst., 6gns. Bridport 311911. Box 2581.

MODERN Veget. Guest Hse. Children welc. All comforts. Bed & Bkfst. Full Board. Terms dly. "Bon Sante," 23 Pinecliffe Ave., Southbourne, Bournemouth.

SUSSEX, 12m. Eastbourne. Charm. guest hse., everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Fr. 6gns. Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

ROSELAND, Cornwall. Small comf. guest house on sea edge. Safe bathing. Lovely sands. Mrs. Job, Tirva, Veryan. Tel. 350.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front, gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. 7½-8gns. Summer 9-11gns.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country & coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 6gns. Special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire. No vacancies July 28 to September 1.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

JERSEY as a holiday resort; by The Man on the Spot. The little book with all the answers. 1s. 6d. post free. W. Potter, St. Clement, Jersey, Channel Islands.

SUSSEX. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham. Historic 16th century guest house, fully modernised. Good food, large restful garden, beautiful rural surroundings. Coolham 241.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SWANAGE, Vegetarian Guest Hse. O'lkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Road. Tel. 2804.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire, Country, Seaside town. Good accommodation. H. & C. Spring interiors. Good home cooking. Terms. Drake, Porthmeor Guest House.

BETWS-Y-COED dist., Lledr Valley, mountain sit.; old-world comf.; Cordon Bleu ckg. from £7 12s. 6d. Bwlch Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Tel. 220.

DO you seek a stay in attrac. cottage with gdn., lovely walks, continental food? You find it 40 mls. Lond., 7½gns p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Nature lovers welcomed: historic house, woods, lakes, own farm; modern amenities; sea near. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

CORNISH Riviera (Central): In lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea: modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor. Own woods. Fishing. Boating. Games Room. Reductions till mid-July. Brochure S, Penquite House Hotel, Golant, Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & c. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch., Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

INEXPENSIVE Swiss holidays. Saas-Grund, nr. Saas-Fee. Fine food, homely. Glorious view. Excn-centre, Engl. refs. In May & June from 9 frs. Venetz, Hotel Monte Rosa.

RIVIERA. Private domain between St. Tropez & Ste. Maxime. Young Anglo-French couple will joyfully receive English couples in their beautiful villa. Exclusive beach, golf, tennis. Every comfort, acres private forest, sun terraces, grand salon, panoramic views. Gay but restful, reasonable, no extras, freedom, privacy. Write Box 2541.

MAJORCA. Gay atmosphere off the tourist beat. Mountains, bathing, dancing submarine fishing and food to remember. Write Box 3683, New Statesman for London interview, or to Ca'n Quet, Deya, Majorca.

MAJORCA. Six paying guests taken in beautifully situated country house overlkg. sea in mountain village, off tourist tracks. Delightful walking & bathing, gd. cooking and serv., priv. bathrms. Engl. spoken. £1 a day incl. Write Dastal, Estellenchs, Mallorca.

SUNNY Spain. 24 miles from sea and Barcelona. Wonderful climate. Excellent cuisine. Special low terms. Write Hotel Congost, Figaro, near Barcelona.

BED, Breakfast & Bus Guide. 3,000 recommended addresses in England, Wales & Scotland for bed & breakfast & novel index of principal bus operators in England & Wales. Invaluable for motorists, cyclists, walkers. 2s. 3d. post free. Send P.O. to Ramblers, 48 Park Rd., N.W.1.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels, on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and countryside, with supplementary Mini-Guide listing over 500 friendly halts for bed and breakfast, 5s. post free. Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUSeum 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Producer, Religious Broadcasting Department, in London, to be responsible for planning and production of religious talks mainly in Home Service and Third Programme. Good academic qualifications, especially in theology, and knowledge of recent developments in theological and philosophical thought essential. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,600. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1698 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

THE National Institute of Houseworkers: Applications are invited for the post of Training Officer. The Training Officer is responsible to the Board of Directors for training standards, including the preparation of training schemes and for the procedure for the Institute's Diploma Examination. Candidates should be qualified experienced teachers of Housecraft. Experience in the field of further education and/or as advisers in the Local Education Authority service would be an advantage. Salary between £850 and £1,000 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. The post is recognised under the Teachers' Superannuation Acts. Appointment subject to medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees and accompanied by copies of recent testimonials should be forwarded to the Secretary, 53 Mount Street, London, W.1, by April 28, 1956.

SENIOR Branch of the Foreign Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 5 posts in Grades 8 or 9 (Second/Third Secretary). Age at least 26 and under 32 on August 1, 1956. Selection by interview in June-July. University honours graduates and other candidates with suitable qualifications and experience will be considered. Sound knowledge of internstional problems and experience of administrative or other responsible work essential. Competent knowledge required of at least one foreign language; Middle Eastern and Oriental languages particularly useful. Salary scales, including extra duty allowance, where payable: Grade 9, £554 to about £750. Grade 8, £810 to £999 (men), £786 to £917 (women). Women's scales are being improved under equal pay scheme. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4566/56/8. Completed applications must be received by May 3, 1956.

GRADUATE Mechanical Engineer required by old-established Company to advise their customers on plant installstions for Powder Metallurgy processes after a period of training on full salary. The post is suitable for a young man resident in London, who should be willing to travel. The commencing salary is £600/£750 p.a., according to experience, and this will increase to £1,000 at the end of 5 years. There are excellent prospects of advancement. Apply Box 3534.

THE National Institute of Houseworkers: Applications are invited for the post of full-time resident Principal (Woman) of the National Demonstration Centre, Deyne Court, Harrow Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex. Salary between £650 and £750 per annum, according to qualifications, less a small deduction for Board Residence. The post is recognised under the Teachers' Superannuation Acts. Applicants should either be fully qualified teachers of Housecraft or should have a University Degree, or its equivalent, together with a good knowledge of Housecraft. Particulars and forms of application (to be returned by April 28, 1956) may be obtained from: The Secretary, 53 Mount Street, London, W.1.

THE National Institute of Houseworkers: Applications are invited from suitably qualified and/or experienced teachers of Housecraft for a resident post on the teaching staff of the National Demonstration Centre, Deyne Court, Harrow Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex. Salary: Burnham (Technical) Scale—Grade A less small deduction for Board Residence. Particulars and forms of application (to be returned by April 28, 1956) may be obtained from: The Secretary, 53 Mount Street, London, W.1.

ELECTRO-Encephalographer (Recordist), male or female, required for a department to be opened shortly at The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond St., W.C.1. Electronic and/or Nursing experience preferred; E.P.T.A. or Science degree an advantage. Training given if necessary. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scales. Form of appl. obtnble. from House Governor.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous exper. desirable but not essential. Min. salary £26 10s. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies, with special qualifications in Russian Language and Literature. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum, with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 1, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

TRAINED Social Worker required for Family Service Project in Melbourne, Australia. Casework with small group of families on lines of Family Service Units. Salary range £A800-1,000. Group worker also required. Fares to Melbourne paid. Interviews in London. For further information write to "Social Worker," c/o Agent-General, Victoria House, The Strand, London, W.C.2.

CHILDREN'S Service. Res. female Deputy Warden (£507 12s.-£578 2s.) required at 30 Abercorn Place, St. Johns Wood, N.W.8 (after-care hostel accom., 21 girls 15-18). Genuine interest in and expnce. of work with adolescent girls and ability to control them; domestic experience and ability to organise elementary housecraft instruction essential. Approved qualifcn. (e.g., Diploma in Social Science or Youth Leadership, H.O. Res. Child Care Cert.) an advantage. Deduction of £109 10s. p.a. for board, lodging, etc. Applic. form and details from Children's Officer (CH/G3/550), L.C.C. County Hall, S.E.1.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires suitably qualified and experienced persons for engagement as Child Welfare Officers. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption supervision, after care and other field work associated with deprived children. Salary £599 5s rising to £775 10s. For details and application form, apply Children's Officer (CH/E1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date, May 1, 1956. (620.)

MAN or woman with psychological training to teach intelligent maladjusted children. Burnham Scale salary. Bradfield House, near Reading, Berkshire.

HAVE you written advt. copy? Perhaps designed advertisements as well? Do you want to work on something worth promoting? If the cap fits we should like to hear from you. There is a new job in a publisher's office open to a man probably 22-28, offering £500-£600 p.a. It is principally creative but some all-round knowledge and a sense of detail would be well regarded. Apply Advertising Manager, Readers Union/Phœnix House, 38 William IV St., W.C.2.

PART-time Almoner or Social Worker for Jewish Old People's Home. Must have recognised qualifications. Salary based on exp. Apply Sec., 105 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12.

GUILD of Gloucestershire Craftsmen offers interesting part-time appointment as secretary to manage gen. business of Guild. Sal. £150 p.a. and exps. Write for dets. Gen. Sec., Community House, Gloucester.

NO dead-end job—but a responsible position with excellent prospects offered to Shorthand-Typist with knowledge of figure work who is willing to work hard. Commencing salary £9 10s. per week. Write age, experience and full details. Box 3775.

TRAVEL office near Baker Street requires staff due to expansion of business. Senior Clerks at salaries on scale £450 rising to £550. Junior Clerks at salaries £300/£350, rising to £450. Initial point on scales depends on age and experience, etc. Three weeks holiday. Paid overtime. Most Saturday mornings free. Pension scheme. Substantial foreign holiday concessions. Good working conditions. Apply to Box 3801.

SEC. (shorthand) good knowl. French, medical experience an advantage, some irregular hours, required by Harley St. physician. Please send brief particulars. Box 3856.

SHORTHAND-typist reqd. by work camp organisation interesting work. Normal sal. I.V.S.P., 19 Pembridge Villas, W.11.

SHORTHAND-typist/secretary two or three mornings a week for Westminster, 10-1. 5s per hour. Accurate memory essential. Apply Lady W., Box 4026.

SECRETARY/sh.-typist. Interesting work. Bloomsbury. 5-day week. Box 3605.

PUBLISHERS req. exp'd. book-keeper/typist (m/f). No Sats. Please apply Sec., Phaidon Press, 5 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

CENT. Board for Conscientious Objectors. Gen. assistant for clerical & other duties. Person able offer only pt.-time service may be suitable. 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, housekeepers, matrons, caretakers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also Lecture and Concert Agency for clubs, colleges, schools.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Girl required to assist another in organising London Office Sales and settling manufacturing queries by teleprinter. Must be competent typist and able to handle customers on telephone. This position would suit a keen energetic girl who wishes to make a career on executive level. Commencing salary £9 per week for 6 months probationary period, and opportunity to earn substantially more if acceptable. Box 3975.

PUBLIC relations organisation requires competent Woman Secretary willing to train as junior executive. Duties include shorthand and typing and arrangement of lecturers' itineraries. Commencing salary £9. Write Box 3981.

PART-time clerk for busy magazine office, 15 hrs. wkly. £3 p.w. Box 3942.

FEMALE Assistant with organising ability reqd. by progressive Putney firm manufacturing baby clothes, to deal with outworkers, sorting & inspecting their work. Pleas. atmosphere, interesting work. Box 3726.

YOUNG woman, good dress sense, wtd. pt.-time agent Ceramic Jewellery, Lond. Thornhill, Hawkley Pottery, Stroud, Glos.

SPANISH Coach Tours. Courier (male) to accompany parties from June 3 to Sept. 23. Knowledge language and country essential. Student considered. Box 3659.

MARRIED couple required for positions as part-time cook and handyman/caretaker for Youth Club and Hostel. £350 per annum, full board and excellent furnished or unfurnished flat with 3 rooms offered. Candidates selected for interview reimbursed with expenses. Send for full particulars to the Warden, Stepney Jewish Settlement, Beaumont Hall, 2 Beaumont Grove, London, E.1.

OXFORD Espresso Bar, student clientèle, wants young workers summer term. Accommodation available. Box 3731.

ADAPTABLE man required to teach woodwork and to help with garden and livestock in school for intelligent maladjusted children. Bradfield Hse., nr. Reading, Berks.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231 Baker St., N.W.1 Come to us for best permanent/temporary office posts. No fees. WEL. 8774.

HOUSEKEEPING and care of boy 3½ and girl 2 needed. Could be permanent and happy home for suitable person. Moll, 3 Oakford Avenue, Weston, Somerset.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

IRVING Theatre req. part-time Box Office Attendant, from 6.30 p.m. WHI. 8657.

TEMPORARY work (days, weeks, months) for expd. secs., sh./typs., c./typs. 10-5 no Sats. Top rates. Ring Miss Topham, Duttons Sec. Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY wants job as personal assistant. Box 3736.

LADY reqs. managerial post. Knowl. fashions throughout. Keen interest music, excel. soprano, platform exp. Box 3795.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7, Leinster Sq., W.2. BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rms., bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

FURNISHED divan-room, gas fire, ring and meter. Phone MEA. 1382.

ST. John's Wood. Charm. furn. 2-room flatlet, sunny, overlkg. garden. £3 10s., incl. linen, el. Quiet house. MAI. 5647.

S/C. room, modern block, St. Johns Wood, offered lady exchange baby-sitting, light duties 2 evgs. Small rent. Box 3875.

CHISWICK, lge. sunny rm. with bkfst. Other meals may be arr. CHI. 0995.

ATTRACT. furn. room priv. flat Maida Vale. Use kit., tel. £3. CUN. 1966.

LARGE furn. b/s. rm. suitable business man. Nr. Finchley Rd. Stn. HAM. 7773.

ST. John's Wood. Attrac. rm., share K. & B. with 1. 50s. per wk. incl. Box 3813.

LARGE bed-sitting room in author's civilised, quiet house. Gas ring. Elderly person preferred, man or woman. Human atmosphere. Phone PRI. 4691.

ATTRACTIVE furnished bed-sitting-room, in private house, delightfully situated Edgware. On two bus routes, near tube. Reas. terms. STO. 9630 after 3.30 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD furn. flat to let to 1 or 2 ladies July abt. 2 mths. Box 3543.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Lux. sgl. divan rms., new contemp. furn., ckr., use k., b., etc. Small 50s., large 63s. MOU. 9610.

W.10. Large s/c. furn. room 25s. occasional baby-minding. Box 3972.

N. FINCHLEY. Quiet sunny bed-sit. 40s. inc. heat, light, baths, use kit. and garden. Woman only. Box 3830.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. interest. Sgle rm. 45s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

EXCHANGE: Family house, S. Kensington, for similar seaside, Cornwall/Wales/France/Ireland, for August. Box 3698.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HAMPSTEAD. Divan r., gay and freshly decorated. View garden. Conveniences. Would make cosy home for lady. £3. 'Phone for details, HAM. 7428.

EXCHANGE London house, close tube, common, of scientist, 3 children, for one near country/sea, part Aug. Box 3619.

GENTLEFOLK offered permanent home in delightful country hse, nr. sea, would be well looked after, Gd. food, very comf. Blencathra Guest Hse., Kingsdown, Nr. Deal.

CORNISH village. Furn. flat, mod. cons. Sleep 3. Beautiful view Fowey Harbour. Not August 4 to Sept. 15. Box 3352.

ASHDOWN Forest holiday bungalow, slps. 7. Orchard, stream, secluded. Elec., garage. Furn. fr. £5 wk. till Aug. Box 3811.

PEMBS. Coast. Furn. cottage till mid-July. Sleep 6. Elsan. 3-7gns. Box 3417.

CORNWALL. Furn. bungalow to let, mod. con., beaut. posn., vac. June, July, Sept. 3 mins. beach & buses. Terms mod. Box 3779.

CARAVAN holiday. 4-berth, private farm site, fully equipped, W.C., electricity. Darbishire, Edgefield, Norfolk.

SAILING barge, furn., to let summer hols. (end July-beg. Sept.); opp. Kew Gdns. Sleep 5/6. Aga, canoe. 6gns. wk. Box 3681.

SOCIAL worker, 30s, reqs. b/s. rm., use kit., gdn., where husband resid. north welcome occ. w/ends. Baby sitt. welc. N.W.3, 6, 8 and Reg. Pk. area. Box 3691.

SYMPATHETIC home wanted in Central London for 19-year-old student of wide interests. No family of his own. Reasonable allowances payable. Enquiries to Children's Area Officer, 1 Friern Park, N.12.

YOUNG man would like to hear from anr. having corner to spare in flat (London, fairly Central). AMB. 6189, 7-9 evgs.

PROF. wom. sks. rm./kit. or share flat. Kensington area. State terms. Box 3754.

1-2 bus. women req. pt./unf. flat, und.-grd. to W. End, max. 25 mins. Box 3812.

ARCHITECT seeks top floor s/c. bachelor flat. View over gardens or river. Kensington/Chelsea. Phone WAT. 3333, Ext. 296.

COLLEGE lecturer & wife req. unfurn. accom. within easy access of City of London; wd. dec. if necessary. Box 3656.

EDUC. bus. wom., 39, longs for nice flat/let or rooms, London, possibly part exch. services. Box 3882.

MARRIED couple, 2 babies, req. furn. house/garden flat Aug.-November, 1956, within 50 miles London. Airmail, Mins, Box 49, Entebbe, Uganda.

MODERN bungalow or house required for month of July/August, any part of Dorset coast, accom. 5 adults, 4 children. Willing pay between 20-30gns. weekly. Box 3837.

WANTED. Bungalow or cottage near sandy beach, South coast, sleep 3, Aug. 20-Sept. 10 approx. Box 3706.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

REGENT'S Park. Furn. fam. house, 5 beds., garden, garage. Long/short let. Also lux. 4-berth, all-weather caravan for sale. View Sevenoaks. Box 3865.

WELL-furn. house to let for 6 months or longer to careful tenants. Lounge, dining, bkfst., 5 bedr., sleep 9. Bath, immers. heater; lovely gdn. Good district. 15 mins. Victoria. Gipsy Hill 3194.

COSY furn. flat, dbl. bedr., lnge., liv., kit. & b. £5 wkly. HEN. 3725.

PRIMITIVE cottage Snowdonia, 2 bedrms. sleep 4 or more. 4gns. p.w. Box 3647.

FURNISHED house to let. Magnificent sea views in the fishing village of Cadgwith. Modern conveniences. Apply Mrs. Collins, Cadgwith, Helston, Cornwall.

GARDEN-house to let. Beautiful country. Sml. rent. London 50m. Box 2787.

SOUTH Kensington or near. 2 ladies req. small furn. s/c. flat until Aug. Offers: 5 Lower Penns Rd., Paignton, Devon.

TWO or 3 lady teachers seek furnished flat, any district. FRE. 7600.

YOUNG business woman requires unfurn. or partly furn. flat London. Box 3765.

PARENTS of two young daughters wish to rent furnished house in country, 12-18 months. Comfortable and shabby. Box 3783.

ARCHITECT, married, needs large-roomed s/c flat, fairly central; garage & garden welcomed. Willing to decorate. Box 3861.

COUPLE, 3 children, require rent or buy large roomy house (suitable for painter) pref. country or nr. sea, betwn. London & south coast. Brighton 21636. Box 3862.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ESPRESSO Coffee Bar, Hampstead, with five-roomed maisonette over. Freehold £5,900. Box 3968.

CWLL. sheltered wooded valley 1 ml. town & stn. Pair cottages £500. Box 3758.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford. Mar. 5973. Marlowe's Edward II. Tu.-Fr. 7.45. St. 5.30, 8.30.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "Comedy of Errors." Mems.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evs. 7.30, Sat. 4.45, 7.30. The Chameleons (ex-Oxf. & Cam. Grp.) pres. topical Revue "Bachelors' Eve."

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). April 24, 7.30 p.m., Film Show at Imperial Institute, S.W.7.—Films of Indian Music, Dance & Drums, and of B. & K. in India. May 3, 8 p.m., Music & Dances for Tagore Jayanti at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. May 12, 4-6 p.m. at French Institute, S.W.7., Reception to Yehudi Menuhin, and Concert of Indian Music. Also Seminars and Classes. Further inf. re. mem'ship. (10s. p.a., Students 2s. 6d.) & other activities from Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Ealing Comedy Season. Until Apr. 22: The Man in the White Suit (U). From Apr. 23: Passport to Pimlico (U).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Apr. 22, African Queen (U), The Gift Horse (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT 3232. Sat., Apr. 21. Ginger Rogers, Steve Cochran in Storm Warning (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat. April 21, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Sat. and Sun. from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tues. from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics. write Sec. or please call at Club.

CONCERTS

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Hampstead Parish Church at 8 p.m., Sat., April 28. Mozart's Requiem, Exultate Jubilate, Laudate Dominum. Progs. 5s. & 3s. 6d. at door.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sat., Apr. 21, at 3. Ralph Downes and Malcolm Williamson—Organ Recital. Works by Schoenberg, Mellers, Lutyens, Williamson & Messaien. Tickets: 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191 & Agents.)

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Ann Dowdall (Soprano). Concert of 18th Century Music. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat., Apr. 21, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 3. Irmgard Seefried, soprano (at the piano: Erik Werba), Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, Carl Seemann, piano. Mozart Recital. (WATerloo 3191.)

WIGMORE Hall. 4 Mozart Bicentenary Chamber Music Concerts. Fri. May 4, 11, 18 & 25 at 7.30 p.m. Tkts. & full dets. of artists & progs. from Box Office (WEL. 2141), Royal Festival Hall Box Office (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

COMMUNIST Party presents a Concert of English Music, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W.1 (nearest Tube, Warren St.). Sun., Apr. 29, at 3. Artists include James Gibb, Diana Poulton, Philip Lewtas, Kay Molinari, Kendall Douglas, W.M.A. Singers, London Workers' Choir and Orchestra. Works include premiere of Bernard Stevens' "Pilgrims of Hope," Purcell's "St. Cecilia" etc. Tkts. (s.a.e.) 2s. 6d., 5s. & 7s. 6d. from J. Dunman, 16 King St. W.C.2.

PROBLEMS in Piano Playing. Three Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sats., May 5, 19, June 2, at 2.30. No tickets. Silver coll. Mus. Benevolent Fund. Syllabus from James Ching, M.A., B.Mus. Oxon., 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3. HAM. 8256.

WITH Old Instruments Restoration Musical Scene—The last of a series of concerts of Old Music with music by Simpson, Purcell, Mico and Jenkins, is being held at the Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2, on Tuesday, April 24, at 6.15 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. Admission is free. (705.)

KYNASTON Pianoforte School (Leschetizky method). Students Invitation Concert, Wimbledon Town Hall, Thursday, May 3, 7.30 p.m. Invitation programmes from: 21 Denmark Av., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

RECITAL. Constance Shacklock (mezzo-soprano) and Alex Murray (flute). Prokofiev flute sonata. Sun. April 22, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 3s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 2s. 6d.). Refmts.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue. 1s. 6d. post free.

JAPANESE Porcelain, an Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Christian Rohlfs, an Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till April 28. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. to both exhibitions.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou, new paintings, 11 to 6 dly.

MATTHIESEN Gall.; 1st London. Exh. Avigdor Arikha. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until Apr. 28. 142 New Bond St. W.1.

ZWEMMER. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Pntgs. & Engvs. Dolf Rieser. Ap. 10-May 1. 10-6.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Josef Herman: paintings and drawings, 1940-1956. Last three days: Friday & Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6; Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HIGHLAND Home Industries exhibition of Scottish crafts in the Craftsman's Market until May 9. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

NEW Vision Gallery, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch. Paintings by Silviu Rand and Margery Haddon-Chambers, April 24-May 5. Hours 10-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Ceri Richards; Erich Kahn; and Peter Oliver. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 28.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. An exhib. of Sculpture. Gallery open daily 11-6 inc. Sats. to May 8.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. "The Victorian Scene" in paintings and lithos of the period. E. Bellingham-Smith. Recent paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LOOKING Forward: an Exhibition of realist pictures selected by John Berger. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, S.E.5. April 18-May 5. Week-days 1-8, Sunday 3-7, closed Friday. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibn. of Brazilian Landscape and Garden Designs by Roberto Burle Marx. Opening April 21. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. First London exhib. Paintings by Boussard: Pailès: Parker. Until May 5. Dly. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

"PARIS-Londres" Pictures recently acquired in France by Degas, Pissaro, Monet, Corot, Rouault, Gromaire, Legueult. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1

INDUSTRIAL Britain: Exhib. of paintings sponsored by Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Ltd. Chenil Galleries (next to Town Hall), Kings Rd., Chelsea. Dly. inc. Sats. 10-6. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Two Masters of Colour—Matthew Smith & Roderick O'Conor.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhib. in England of Sculpture by S. Brandon Kearl. Also Modern Paintings.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Tibetan & Nepalese Art. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

COFFEE House, 3 Northumberland Ave., J. Lawrence Isherwood. Apr. 8-May 13.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WORLD Convention on Race Relations. Inaugural Dinner, Lancaster Room, Savoy Hotel, Wednesday, May 2, at 7.30 p.m. Few tickets available at 2gns. each. 13 Clarges Street, W.1. GRO. 2651.

LORD Chorley, M.A., J.P., "Moral Code and Penal Code." April 22, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. Free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

SHAW Society: Apl. 27: G. Handley-Taylor on "Shaw, Holtby & Feminism"; chair. Vera Brittain; May 11: Shaw-Morris mtg.; May 25: "Fougasse." Full details: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

TERCENTENARY of the Re-settlement of the Jews in the British Isles. Public Lectures on Anglo-Jewish History at 8.30 p.m. May 2, The Re-settlement of the Jews in England, 1656, Dr. C. Roth. May 9, The First Fifty Years, Mr. Edgar Samuel. May 14, Eighteenth-century Anglo-Jewry, Mr. R. D. Barnett. May 23, The Emancipation Period, 1815-1880, Dr. V. D. Lipman. May 31, The New Community, 1880-1939, Mr. I. Finestein. June 6, Jewish Scholarship in England, Mr. R. J. Loewe, June 13, Commonwealth Jewry, The Very Reverend The Chief Rabbi. June 20, Christian-Jewish Relationship, The Reverend Dr. J. W. Parkes. June 27, The Structure of Anglo-Jewry Today, Dr. A. Cohen. University College, London, Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission Free, without ticket.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, April 22, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. J. B. Coates: "The Ethics of Jean-Paul Sartre."

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., April 27, 8.30. Pandit Rishiram, "Fundamentals of Indian Culture." 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. off Leinster Terrace.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. (PARk 7379). Fri., April 20, 8 p.m. Baron A. Meyendorff, "The Liberties of Talent."

"WHAT causes the Problem Child?" Dr. Brian Kirman, Wed., April 25, 8 p.m. 77 Elm Park Gdns. S.W.10. Chelsea BSFS. 1s.

"RESURGENT North Africa," Desmond Buckle, Sun., Apr. 22, 7.45 at 10 Lymington Rd., N.W.6. New Age Cttee.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower Street, W.C.1). Dr. Frank Brommer (Marburg) will give a Public Lecture entitled "New Light on the Parthenon Sculptures" on Monday, April 30, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., April 23, 8 p.m. Milton Mesirow, "My Thoughts on Jazz." Chair.: Vic Bellerby. Wed., April 25, 8.15. Poetry Reading. New Poets & Neglected Poets. Personal Choice by Philip Hobsbaum and Iain Fletcher. Readers incl. Denis McCarthy. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Thurs., April 26, 6.30. Recorded lecture "American Abstract Painting" by Prof. Meyer Schapiro. Adm. free. Memship. inv.

JEWISH Society for Legal Study. M. Volinski, Deputy District Attorney, Jerusalem: "Practice and Procedure in Israeli Courts," Hillel House, Endsleigh St., W.C.1, Tuesday, April 24, 8.30 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Eirene White, M.P. "Marriage and Divorce," Wed., Apr. 25, 7.30. 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. Visitors welcome, 2s.

ANGLO-Norse Society. Tuesday, April 24: A Poetical Musical Spring-Cleaning. "Jeg velgar meg april." Charwomen Mrs. Irene Brent, Miss Liv Ullmann. Recorded musical detergents provided by Mr. T. Stoverud at Flat 3, 59 Hyde Pk. Gate, S.W.7, 7 p.m. Refreshments 6 p.m.

ASPECTS of Yoga. Talks ev. Tues. 8 p.m. April 24: "The Purpose." Chelsea Town Hall, S.W.3. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

DR. Charles Hill, M.A., M.D., M.P., on "Some Problems of a Postmaster General," Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Tues., April 24, at 8 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., April 25, 6.30, Public Lecture: "The Huang-Po Doctrine of Universal Mind," T. M. Harris. Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

PERSONALIST Group. Public lecture at Conway Hall, W.C.1. Tuesday, April 24, 7.30 p.m. Dr. Joshua Bierer on "A Revolution in Mental Health."

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Is Time the Enemy?" Dr. James Moore. Thurs., April 26, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

YOGA Practice Soc., Sun., Apr. 22, at 3 p.m., talk by Sri Yogacharya B.C. Nandi, B.A. 6 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3. Collctn.

LECTURE in German by a member of a London conference for German lawyers: "Fragen des deutschen Rechtslebens." Tues., April 24, 8 p.m., German Y.M.C.A., 368 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Adm. free.

ANSON Hall, N.W.2. Pat. Sloan answers Questions on Soviet Policy. Tues., Apr. 24, at 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. (Willesden B.S.F.S.).

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, N.W.8, at 6 p.m. April 28. M. J. Bacon: "Le Reportage à la Radio."

GOETHE and the Modern World: May 4-6 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "Reconstruction of Education in India" will be given by Professor Humayun Kabir (Permanent Secretary for Education under the Indian Government) at 5.30 p.m. on April 27 and 30 at the Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B., & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prosp from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates & others. 6 months' & 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14. Tel. PARk 8392.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH. Cert. language mistress, private or evg. class tuition. BAY. 5916.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

GREGG Intensive Crses. Day/Evg. French Gregg. Frances King Secretarial Schl., 1a Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

LECTURES COURSES, ETC.—continued

PROSTITUTION. Conference, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, Wed., April 25, 5 p.m. The Law, Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., Mrs. F. Earengey, J.P. Chair: Rt. Hon. Earl Jowitt, P.C. Thurs., April 26, 10 a.m., 2 p.m. Social Implications. Citizen and Sexual Morality; Press and Public Behaviour; Traffic in Women; Brothels; Medical Problems; Preventive Measures. Principles of Police Practice. Speakers include: C. H. Rolph, Dame Rachel Crowdy-Thornhill, D.B.E., Mr. A. F. King, F.R.C.S., Mrs. Caroline Brown, Miss K. Hardwick, Mrs. Bligh, Miss D. O. G. Peto, O.B.E., Miss Chave Collisson, M.A. Chair: Mrs. Corbett Ashby, LL.D. Admission by Ticket Only. Full Conference 7s. 6d. Single Session 2s 6d. Apply with remittance, Assocn. for Moral and Social Hygiene, Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bookkeepers, success. Postal crses. Broch. 3d. Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LATIN, Greek and German for all grades by professional teacher. Box 3971.

GERMAN taught by qualified teacher. Mrs. M. Pastor, 814 Endsleigh Court, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Tel. Eus. 8155.

JUDO courses for beginners under high-grade teachers. Apply Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., S.W.10 (KEN. 1540 after 3 p.m.)

SUMMER SCHOOLS

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses: Fri., May 18-Thurs., May 24. "Whitsun Nature Study Course," Fri., June 15-Sun., June 17: "English Tradition in Folk Song and Dance." Fri., June 22-Sun., June 24. "Statistics for Everyman." Sat., June 30-Fri., July 6. "Practical Theatre Week." Fri., July 6-Sun., July 8. "Travels in South America." Sat., July 21-Fri., July 27. "Writing for Radio and Television." Sat., Aug. 18-Fri., Aug. 24. "Archaeology of Wiltshire." Family Courses, August 4-17. Summer Prog. from Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

YORK Architectural Summer Schools. "The Evolution of the Small House and Cottage," July 23-28. "A History of English Architecture," August 11-18. Fully residential in new building. Individual bed-sitting rooms. Lectures, discussions and tours. Prospectuses available from the Secretary, York Institute of Architectural Study, Micklegate, York.

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute, Aug. 18-31. Ripon College, Yorkshire. Beautiful surrounding countryside; comfortable single rooms. Attractive lecturing, film and film-making programme. Brochure from B.F.I., 4 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 7 to Sept. 14, 1956. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

HOUSE Party Holidays with foreign language practice. Join an international house party by the sea in Sussex, Wales or Cornwall and meet other professional people from Britain and abroad. Weekly inclusive costs from 7½gns. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL

TO those of you who appreciate good clothes, we offer a Savile Row cut suit. Individually fitted & tailored by hand, in pure worsted materials, from as low as 21gns. Roberts, 10 Lower John St., W.1. GER. 4085.

SWEDISH girl student, 20, wants to be payg. guest in Engl. family during June to perfect English. In/nr. London. Box 3858.

TAPE recorders for hire: Grundig Stenorette £3 monthly. Phone MAY. 1055.

WANTED to rent Aug. Villa on Italian Coast between Spezia & Elba. Box 3556.

PEOPLE in need of help with choosing or settling in a career may apply for vocational guidance from a qual. person. Box 3584.

WEEKENDS modernised country cottage in attractive Hampshire village. Box 3623.

CARAVANS to let. Two 4-berth. (1) Nr. Seaford-Eastbourne. Lovely downland walks. (2) Nr. Folkestone, quiet sandy beach. Not free August. Box 3730.

JOIN hse. party. Sailing, tennis, dancing. Swanage. Spain Sept. Box 3857.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full-time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. FRE. 2491.

FRENCH for Conversation. Intensive courses beginners/all grades. The Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

CONTINENTAL Holidays. Seats private cars various dates & places. Carpass Travel Club, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

PERSONAL—continued

SYMPATHETIC home wanted in Central London for 10-year-old student of wide interests. No family of his own. Reasonable allowances payable. Enquiries to Children's Area Officer, 1 Friern Park, N.12.

EXPERIENCED kindergarten teacher runs small Playing Group in private house and garden St. John's Wood: vacancies for 2½-4 year olds. Mrs. Fisher, RIV 1770 after 6 p.m.

FREE board & lodging plus £2 a week in exchange light work & help with 2½-yr.-old for 3 months summer over mother's confinement Dulwich, London. Phone (evgs.) GIPsy Hill 4698 or write Box 3679.

OPPORTUNITY for pleasant girl to live au pair comf. home, easily accessible Cent. London, in return for light household duties. Pocket money and time off for studying. Tel. Mrs. David, WEL. 1194.

ITALY by car. June 3 to June 17. One seat available. £20. Box 3787.

CHILD-loving, middle-aged woman teacher offers rent, help with children weekends and evenings, for large unf./semi-furn. room, possibly use garden. SHE. 5658.

COMPANION-Driver (30-40) wanted by similar gentleman, motor tour Norway/Sweden, August. Share expenses. Box 3798.

YOUNG man (25) seeks companion (m.), 2-3-week holiday South of France, about middle of June. Box 3827.

ATTRAC., companionable girl, wide educ., ints, sks post in fam. Mediterran. coast summer months. Refs. reqd. Box 3700.

DUTCH girl, 16, seeks post "au pair" in family with children 6 weeks July/August Southern England. Recommended. Box 3714.

YOUNG Swiss woman, tennis-player, wishes improve English, country-house life, paying guest or pt. help, 4 wks. fr. end May. Wüthrich, 26 Laithbury Rd., Oxford.

COLD War—will those interested in forming Study Group write Box 3733.

BACHELOR, 28, seeks similar interested leisurely holiday S. France, Italy or Spain 2-3 weeks pref Sept. Box 3738.

AUSTRIA and Bavarian Alps, June 1st, 2-3 wks., car seats vacant. Box 4012.

SWITZERLAND. 2 wks. Wilderswil fr. Aug. 12. Priv. pty. Air trav. 42gns, inc. Russell, 139 Wigley Rd. Hanworth, Midx.

THIRD Programme addict wishes join musical-discussion group London area. Prefers Bach to Bartok. Box 3689.

THE Continent by car. Tours for 2/4 people, any part, any duration, at leisure or at pressure. Travel, 103 Westwood Hill, London, S.E.26.

PROFESSIONAL man (bachelor, 44) motoring Switzerland, Italy, S. France, June sks. companion (m.). Share exp. Box 3699.

2 SEATS. Consul. Rome via French & Italian Rivieras. Yng. Jewish couple. June 15-July 1. Share exps. Box 4021.

ADVERTISER seeks studio, basement room or detached, for day-time use only, or convertible property, within reach of Kensington. Box 3484 or FREmantle 8984.

BEN Uri Art Society. 15-day Painting Holiday in Italy 41gns. Partics.: Sec., 14 Portman St., W.1.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre, Russell House, Wilton, Wilts.

HIGH myope required to model spectacle frames and improved type of lens. Fashion-conscious, female, 20-30. Box 3901.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

ASTLEYS of Jermyn St. (108/111), S.W.1. Briar pipe specialists. Your briar pipe (any make) reconditioned & cleaned with pure alcohol, 3s. plus 9d. postage, any quantity. (Foul pipes are injurious to health.) All repairs, new stems, etc. We purchase Meerschaum pipes. Write for price list.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in three months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL. 4221 or RIC. 3286.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

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